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AN
ESSAY
ON
SENSIBILITY.

Y A S S E

Y T I S E N S I T Y



AN
ESSAY
ON
SENSIBILITY:

A
POEM.

IN SIX PARTS.

By W. L. BROWN, D. D.

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VIRTUS EST MEDIUM VITIORUM, ET UTRINQUE REDUCTUM.
HOR.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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A
POEM
IN SIX PARTS.

BY
D. D. D.

RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE LAW OF NATURE,
AND MINISTERS OF THE LANCET, LONDON, AT PRESENT.



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LONDON:

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1751

THE
PLEASURES
OF
SENSIBILITY.

PART I.

THE

LIBRARY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY

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P R E F A C E.

WHATEVER be the character of the following Essay itself, its subject will, at least, be allowed to be interesting. The question it undertakes to discuss, namely, Whether sensibility, or the want of it, is, upon the whole, most productive of comfort and happiness in the course of life, comes home to every feeling mind. It suggests a variety of considerations; which, while they strongly affect the heart, render it difficult for the judgement to decide to which of these tempers the preponderance of

happiness is to be allotted. Whoever is endowed with any degree of tender, delicate, and elevated sentiment, will perceive, when he recollects the train of his experience, that it contains almost as much pain as pleasure. The distresses and calamities to which human life is unavoidably exposed, the various pictures of woe and misery which are presented on every side, afford continual exercise to the sympathetic and tender feelings, and demand the sigh and the tear, with unremitting importunity. The folly, the meanness, and the enormity, which stain so frequently the human character, and commit such ravages on human happiness, supply daily matter of indignation or contempt, and contribute to establish an aversion to that nature, the love of which constitutes the predominant feature of a noble and generous mind.

Those

Those instances of virtue and distinguished merit which might soften these unsocial and uneasy emotions, and make them give place to admiration and complacency, tend often to aggravate them, by proving that the noblest qualities cannot screen their possessors from cruelty or neglect. Calumny can easily blacken the fairest, and partiality cover the most odious, characters; while ignorance and folly are ever ready to adopt what injustice and fraud are ever active and skilful in inventing.

Although these views must necessarily occasion to the feeling mind much anguish and disgust, it finds it, nevertheless, difficult, when required to determine, to assign the preponderance of happiness to insensibility. The kind and generous affections are the natural sources of the highest enjoyment. It is only by the gross

lest perversion of human nature that they become the contrary. The mind, therefore, yields at first to this natural impulse, and casts happiness into the scale of sensibility. It lays hold of every consideration that tends to establish this opinion, and indulges the contemplation of the fair and smiling side. When this impulse, however, has, in some degree, exhausted its force, reflection turns to the more gloomy and dismal part of the prospect, and dissipates that delight which is produced by the glowing pictures of imagination. This view of the subject seems to turn the scale in favour of indifference; but, upon examining the nature of this temper, it is evident, that, if it endures little pain, it enjoys as little pleasure. Such a disposition can, therefore, never afford a refuge to the mind which is employed in the discovery of happiness. The balance is thus, in some measure,

measure, restored between the two constitutions now under consideration ; and the mind, unable to remain in a perfect state of suspense, is led to enquire whether the pains of sensibility may not be exaggerated, or, at least, derive great part of their force from excess and extravagance in our feelings, as well as from improper views of our situation and circumstances. On mature examination, this will be found to be the case ; and it will appear that sensibility, like every other good quality, must be restrained within proper bounds, that great part of its pains result from the want of this moderation, and, that even those, with which it is unavoidably accompanied, are susceptible of alleviation, of consolation, and of cure.

This train of thought, suggested by those different views of the subject, constitutes the
plan

plan of this Essay. In writing upon sensibility, the author has thus followed rather the impulse of feeling, than the regularity of scientific speculation. Into this method he has, moreover, been led by the circumstance of his performance having derived its origin from a few verses written upon the subject, which gradually multiplied, in proportion as new prospects opened before him.

A first part is, therefore, employed in considering the different pleasures of sensibility; a second, in contemplating its pains resulting from those general evils, whether natural, or moral, to which mankind are exposed; a third, in surveying the different species of disgust produced by the view of private characters; and a fourth, in enumerating the pangs which accompany the dearer and domestic relations; a fifth considers

considers the nature and effects of apathy; a sixth examines into the causes, and points out the remedies, of the pains of sensibility, and concludes with establishing, in its favour, the balance of happiness.

Hence, it is evident that the first four parts are to be considered principally with relation to the affections by which the mind is, at the time, supposed to be influenced, those, namely, of admiration and complacency, or of indignation and disgust. These parts are like pleadings on different sides of a cause, in which the speakers adduce whatever has a tendency to establish their points. The first part is to be considered as the *Allegro*; the three succeeding ones, as the *Penferoso* of the question. To this it is necessary to attend, in order to form an equitable judgement with regard to those parts
of

of the poem which prepare the way for that just medium established in the last, which is properly didactic, and shews how to avoid those false refinements of sentiment which so seldom accompany substantial virtue : these are that *luxury* of feeling which unnerves and destroys the vigour of the soul, at the same time that it flatters it with high ideas of its own excellence and dignity,

The poetical nature of his subject induced the author to enter the regions of the muses. He has, perhaps, been too presumptuous, and trod this sacred ground without considering

Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent.

If he has taken up a burden he is unable to carry, he will not transfer to the shoulders of his friends the blame of exposing his attempt to
the

the public eye, and charge their importunity with what they would, perhaps, have prevented. The truth is, his peculiar situation deprived him of the opportunity of consulting those whose judgement might either have suppressed his performance altogether, or, at least, have rendered it more worthy of the public attention. He, therefore, exhibits it, as painters often do their pictures, in order to discover if it possesses any merit. If he is answered in the negative, he will submit with resignation and acquiescence : If any degree of approbation falls to his share, he will receive it with a satisfaction, which will make him listen more attentively to the censures with which he knows that approbation must necessarily be accompanied.

the public eye, and others that improve
 with what they read, perhaps, this improvement.
 The result is, the positive that is approved him
 of the opportunity of continuing to do what
 judgment might have suggested the ex-
 formation altogether, or at least, these things
 it more worthy of the public eye, than the
 therefore, exhibit of his talents, and to the
 picture, in order to discover it, a picture of
 merit. It is in the negative in the negative
 will stand with comparison and judgment
 If any degree of perfection falls to the share
 he will receive it with a satisfaction, which will
 make him then more attentive to the criticism
 with which he knows that his work is
 certainly be accompanied.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poem addressed, and the subject proposed—General definition of happiness—This incompatible with a fierce, selfish, and callous mind—The man of delicate feelings alone susceptible of the highest happiness of human nature—On him every object makes the impressions our Creator intended it to produce—This specified in poetry—in history—and all the fine arts—Pleasure derived from the philosophical contemplation of nature—but especially from the study of mankind—Both these lead to the contemplation and love of God—and to the joys resulting from revelation—A feeling heart a source of pleasure, not only in the walks of study, but in the daily intercourse of life—It gives true relish to prosperity, and comfort to adversity—It renders a public character truly great,—and affords to a private one delight and dignity—The happy effects of sensibility are particularly ^{conspicuous} ~~auspicious~~ ⁱⁿ to the satisfactions of friendship—and in those springing from domestic relations.

AN

ESSAYS

ON

SENSIBILITY.

YOU, whose kind heart each sympathetic spring
Can sink in grief, or raise on rapture's wing,
But, who, inur'd to reason's guiding hand,
Have learn'd t' indulge, or check, at her command,
Who copied, from your own parental breast,
Each fairer character on mine imprest,
To whom I, therefore, yield the meed of praise,
If use or pleasure shall attend my lays!
Say, who enjoys the happiest frame of soul;
Or he who owns soft sympathy's controul,

Or he whose bosom never learnt to glow
With generous joy, or melt with tender woe?

Ah ! can the heart, where human kindness lives,
Ask the solution which its feeling gives ?

Say what is bliss ? The mind's unclouded day,
When the calm's settled, and the prospect gay ;

A brisk, though steady, keen, though lasting fire,
Which bursts from granted, yet uncloy'd desire,

Illumes and animates, with chearful rays,

The social sources which maintain its blaze,

And gives the blood in quicker streams to roll

Health to the frame, and rapture to the soul !

Can, in the heart, then, cold as Greenland snow,
Or that where gusts of boisterous passion blow,

Or that, which lock'd with iron bolts, defies

Each feeling but what selfishness supplies ;

In such can happiness a moment dwell ?

No ; she must hate them as a saint loathes hell.

The soft, the delicately-temper'd mind,

Enlarg'd to love, to elegance refin'd,

Which,

Which, unrestrain'd by chains of fardid care,
 Springs from the clay to breathe a purer air,
 Beholds with joy the comprehensive bound
 Trac'd by benevolence' free hand around ;
 (To envious spite or peevish pride unknown,)
 Partakes of other's blifs, imparts its own,
 Feels the distress another's breast endures,
 Ceases to feel it only when it cures,
 And what it takes from human griefs employs
 As the best subject of its future joys.

Such is the heart, which, temper'd to the tone
 Of harps seraphic, round th' eternal throne,
 Heav'n has attun'd with all its sweetest strings,
 And keen delight on every fibre rings.

By Him, thus fram'd, responsive nature's seen
 In her just colours, and her loveliest mien ;
 While all her features stamp upon his mind
 Th' impression the Creator's plan design'd.
 For him philosophy her truths explores,
 For him wise erudition opes her stores,

For him bright fancy spreads her purple wings,
 For him the muse unlocks her sacred springs,
 The graces in each chafter beauty shine,
 And virtue moves in majesty divine !

What pure delights poffefs his captive foul
 To hear the ¹ Mantuan, or ² Mæonian roll,
 The stream of fong ftill fwelling on its way,
 That calls by turns each human fpring in play !
 What pure delight ! when Pindar fweeps the lyre,
 Or the gay ³ Teian poet breathes his fire ;
 When eafy Ovid fports his playful ftrain,
 Or foft Tibullus warbles tender pain ;
 Or courtly ⁴ Flaccus wakes Alcæus' lay,
 Who flily lafhcs while he fcems to play.
 When, with high Milton's foul, he takes his flight
 To Stygian horrors, or the realms of light,
 Riding on fancy's boldeft wing t' explore
 Regions which mortal eye ne'er pierc'd before.

¹ Virgil. ² Homer. ³ Anacreon. ⁴ Horace.

When nature's son ^s ascends the stage, and binds
 In sympathetic chains a thousand minds,
 With terror shakes, with indignation fires,
 Or with soft pity's melting pow'r inspires,
 Stronger and stronger the emotions rise,
 And burst, at last, in torrents from the eyes.
 When moral Pope the lovely forms displays
 Of truth or beauty in his polish'd lays;
 Or Young, envelop'd with funereal gloom,
 Rises to radiant glories from the tomb;
 Or Thomson traverses the changing fields,
 ✓ To cull each hidden flow'r which nature yields;
 Or while th' eventful line his thoughts engage,
 Deduc'd from history's religious page,
 What pleasing wonder holds him, while the scene
 Assumes, successive, each contrasting mien!
 Like the proud vessel which the tempest plies,
 Now human glory seems to reach the skies,

^s Shakspeare.

Now plunges in th' abyfs of adverſe fate,
 Or ſtruck by juſtice, or o'erwhelm'd by hate,
 All ſeems confus'd, as fate or fortune brings,
 Without connection, or directing ſprings;
 Yet order ſtill the eye of wiſdom ſees,
 And righteous heav'n fulfilling its decrees.

When ſilence reigns, and darkneſs veils the pole,
 What awful thoughts poſſeſs his riſing ſoul,
 While he contemplates that refulgent line
 Of godlike men whoſe glories ſpotleſs ſhine,
 Whoſe arms defended, or whoſe arts refin'd,
 Or laws together link'd the human kind!

While he with ſuch converſes, ſuch beholds,
 In every ſplendid ſcene their life unfolds,
 How he exults to ſee his nature riſe,
 And ſpurn the earth, and claim its native ſkies;
 How he contemns, with generous pride, a race
 Whoſe baſtard morals mark her with diſgrace!

See all th' enchanting train of art attend,
 Their various pleaſures in his ſoul to blend!

For him to life the mimic pencil calls
 A new creation round the glowing walls.
 Where taste chastises fancy's vagrant part,
 Adorning nature with the charms of art.
 Or Reuben's strength and vivid tints surprise,
 Or Raphael's majesty detains the eyes,
 Or Titian's softness melts the soul away,
 Or Rosa's wildness awes with terror's sway.

The chisel now for him the stone inspires
 With beauty's elegance or passion's fires,
 And bids a Venus rise in grace divine,
 Or in mild majesty Apollo shine,
 Or Hercules in brawny beauty stand,
 Or awful Jove extend his flaming brand.
 For him the feather'd songsters tune the lay,
 That hails the purple morn, or evening gray,
 When, or the lark, high soaring, cheers the plain,
 Or Philomela pours her plaintive strain.

* Famous statues in Italy, but here taken for fine statuary in general.

For him the pow'r of harmony compounds,
 With concord's answering links, a hundred sounds.
 While the sweet ^{melody} ~~chapel~~ his soul detains,
 And fires with rage, or melts with pleasing pains.
 How thrills his breast to mark the rise sublime,
 The dying fall, the well-proportion'd time,
 Th' alarming discord, sweet succeeding tones,
 Each grand effect which Handel's magic owns.
 The lofty dome for him the clouds invades,
 Extending wide its opening colonnades,
 Where use and elegance at once conspire
 To call the passing eye of taste t' admire
 Whate'er Vitruvius' judgement has devis'd,
 In Jones' or Adam's structures realiz'd.
 For him the care-dispelling sylvan seat,
 Where art and nature in just concert meet;
 (While *that* improves the field which *this* supplies,
 Yet, modest, shuns the search of judging eyes,)
 Bids awful shades exclude th' oppressive day,
 Refreshing streams in winding murmurs play ;

Now

Now gives the view t' expatiate free around,
 Now hides the prospect in the dell profound !
 To him the sylvan scene each charm reveals,
 Which from its tasteless lord it oft conceals.

Oh ! who will bear him to th' imperial height,
 Whence the wide prospect bursts upon his sight ?
 Shrub-tangled cliffs, and pendent rocks furround,
 Down which the torrent foams with dashing sound.
 Beneath, the river glides with placid pace,
 And, circling, clasps the hill in its embrace ;
 Its flowery banks unnumber'd herds disclose,
 Fed with the verdure which its stream bestows.
 The eye, set free, runs o'er the vast champaign
 Where golden plenty undulates amain,
 Sees the trim feat, at intervals, combine
 Its groves, its lawns, and all its fair design ;
 And, farther on, the starting tower reveal
 The village which embow'ring shades conceal ;
 Till it, at last, the distant ocean hail,
 And in th' horizon spy the glistening sail.

On

On yonder side a fullen heath extends,
 Till in th' abrupt and woody ridge it ends,
 Where, sudden, the ambitious summits rise,
 And mountains pil'd on mountains scale the skies,
 Upon whose tops eternal winter stays,
 Reflecting from his snows the solar blaze !
 Grandeur and beauty all his soul subdue,
 While contrast heightens the bewitching view,
 Here would he gladly wait th' expiring day,
 And 'midst unnumber'd charms of vision stray !

He suits to nature's reign th' enquiring eye,
 Skill'd all her soft gradation to descry,
 From matter's modes, through instinct's narrow fway,
 To reason's gradual, but unbounded, way,
 And sees through all the wonder-varied chain,
 No link omitted, no appendage vain ;
 But all supporting, and supported, till
 The whole is perfect as the Author's will.

Hence even the meanest points of nature's care
 Fix his attention, his attachment share.

The pebble through pellucid waters shewn,
 The moss that clothes, the shrub that cleaves the stone,
 The modest-tinted flowers that deck the glade,
 The aged tree that spreads its awful shade,
 The feather'd race that wing th' ethereal way,
 The insect tribes that float upon the ray,
 The herds that graze, the flocks that nip the plain;
 And scaly natives of the wat'ry reign.

These hold ten thousand wonders to his sight,
 Which prompt enquiry, and inspire delight.
 Relations, properties, proportions, ends,
 Burst into light as her research extends,
 Until unnumber'd sparks around him fall
 From the great source of light, and life, and all!

When to yon azure vault his view aspires,
 Its daily splendor, or nocturnal fires
 Kindled, when the refulgent lamp of day
 Withdraws to shew what worlds reflect his ray,
 What other suns with equal lustre shine,
 And other systems round their thrones combine,

Onward

Onward he travels through the boundless space,
 Struck with fresh wonders, finds no resting place,
 Till with amazement every sense possest,
 He leans at last upon th' *Almighty breast*.

But still his fav'rite study is *mankind*,
 And the Creator's brightest image—*mind*!
 He sees weak intuition's glimmering light⁷,
 Born to illumine enquiry's deepest night,
 Till, new discoveries adding to the ray,
 Fair science brighten to meridian day;
 Sees mankind knit by strong, though tender, ties,
 Draw strength from weakness, and from want supplies,
 Brute matter mould to elegance and use,
 Compel the barren desert to produce,
 Level the mountain, elevate the plain,
 Derive communion from th' unsocial main,
 Make rivers flow along the arid sand,
 And spread delight and plenty through the land —

⁷ The progress of science from the slender beginnings of first principles, and its happy effects on civil life.

While

While thus the prospect opens on his eyes,
 He feels his admiration with it rise.
 Wisdom and goodness meet him at each view,
 And still his love, and still his joy renew ;
 He traces more and more the perfect plan,
 Still more and more its Author learns to scan,
 Till wafted by devotion's breath on high,
 The heavenly vision bursting on his eye,
 He views the glorious source of all dispense
 O'er the wide universe his influence,
 Drawn from unspent, yet ever-spending stores,
 And the perfection share, she thus adores !
 Then revelation sheds her cheering light,
 To bring the sweet emotion to its height,
 When clouds and tempests, and the thunder's sound,
 Which struck the trembling sinner to the ground,
 Yield to the radiance of the loveliest day,
 And ope to penitence salvation's way ;
 When adoration, less repress'd by fear,
 Dares to behold divinity more near.

Led on by God's eternal Son, receives
 Faith that directs, and succour that relieves.
 Feels grace celestial all the soul subdue,
 And in a Judge beholds a Saviour too ! ,

Thus the fair order, mark'd on all around,
 In the clear mirror of his soul is found,
 Which shews each object in its native dies,
 Not those distorting prejudice applies.
 So on the evening of a summer's day,
 When peace and beauty grace the setting ray,
 Geneva's lake all chrystaline and still,
 (Unless when dimpled by the swallow's bill)
 Shews nature's image on its liquid breast,
 In soft reflection's colouring exprest ;
 The purple clouds, the lovely blue between,
 The flowery banks, the trees of yellower green,
 The ambient hills with swelling vintage spread,
 And distant Juva's snow-encircled head—

7 The knowledge of nature impressing a strong sense of the being and attributes of God, is the best preparation for the reception of the gospel.

No

No whirling gusts the peaceful surface sweep,
Or break the scenery of the lucid deep.

Nor are to contemplation's walks confin'd
The rich resources of a feeling mind,
But active, as life's checquer'd journey goes,
Raise its possessor's bliss, and sooth his woes.

If gay prosperity his goblet fill,
The grateful lip can make it sweeter still,
The grateful eye add lustre to the view,
When her bright sunshine sheds its golden hue.
If adverse fortune dissipate the day,
Embroider the clouds, and bid the lightnings play,
Benign devotion can his soul sustain,
And make the prospect brighten up again.
If he must mount the stage of public life,
Where shifting scenes exhibit constant strife,
He clasps all mankind in his warm embrace,
In every human, sees a brother's face ;
And thus enjoys a calm within his soul,
Though discord's raging tempests shake the pole.

His soul alone to great designs can soar,
 Alone a nation's welfare can explore,
 Feel all the raptures of a patriot fire,
 To deeds of godlike benefit aspire,
 And when his pow'r is smaller than his will,
 Rejoice to *wish* the good he can't fulfil.
 If unjust foes assail with ruffian arms,
 His injur'd country struck with dire alarms,
 While patriot indignation keenly burns,
 While hope and fear possess his heart by turns,
 But in th' eventful hour an Elliot draws
 Th' avenging steel, and vindicates her cause,
 Her thunders hurling o'er the land and main,
 That teach the sinking foe to own her reign,
 Not speech's most expressive powers can tell
 The glowing transports which his bosom swell.

If calmness and retirement be his lot,
 Unknown life's struggles, or, at least, forgot,
 Still he a chosen few around him sees
 Whose worth attaches, and whose manners please,

To whom he gives, from whom receives again,
 Augmented pleasure, and diminish'd pain.
 While active every duty to fulfil,
 Impos'd by ruling providence's will,
 Whatever troubles in its course annoy,
 He turns them to a source of sweetest joy.

What sweet sensations in his soul arise,
 From the soft charities of nature's ties !
 Domestic sources can his soul bedew
 With joys the sons of revel never knew.

Heav'n, when it first withdrew its blissful smile,
 And doom'd our guilty race to pain and toil,
 While earth should yield no more spontaneous fruit,
 But thorns and thistles fix their barren root,
 And dire disease lead on her ghastly train,
 And eye-sunk sorrow spread her wide domain ;
 Yet willing to diffuse, across the gloom,
 A cheering beam, and mitigate the doom,
 Three pow'rs commission'd from the seats above,
 Bright hope, fair friendship, and heart-soothing love ;

This form'd to wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,
That share the burden, and new strength supply;
The third advance whenever *these* should yield,
 And teach to bear the ills they had not heal'd.

Thrice happy, then, whom faithful friendship binds
 By sweet conformity of kindred minds.
 Nor favour's bribes, nor anger's threatened pain
 Can break or loosen th' adamant chain.
 Each virtue gathers strength from mutual praise,
 From mutual counsel every vice decays;
 Communion perfects every fair design,
 Calls into light, and gives in act to shine;
 Communion deepens every source of joy,
 And bids it never fade, and never cloy,
 Wards off each adverse stroke they fear t' endure,
 Or, if it be inflicted, gives the cure.

But happier still whom love's auspicious hand
 Has join'd in nature's tenderest, strongest band,
 When Hymen lights his torch at Cupid's fire,
 And calmer reason sanctions warm desire!

Their

Their aims, their feelings, their affections join'd,

Like mingling colours, constitute *one* mind ;

While some slight difference still affords a shade,

By which agreement is more lovely made.

Though growing more dependent every day,

Each separate resource is stol'n away,

Yet on the pow'r of union they rely,

For every want is join'd with its supply.

Thus as two rills whose silver waters flow

Through flow'ry plains, and vivify the blow,

Although at first through distant fields they stray,

Nearer and nearer bend their liquid way,

Till, mingling, they a common channel find,

And undivided to the ocean wind :

So hearts, attracted by love's generous pow'r,

Grow close and closer each succeeding hour,

Till indivisible through life they glide,

And join eternity's unbounded tide,

Should frowning fortune spread her fickle wings,

Should malice pierce them with her sharpest stings,

Should they be driven from all the world beside,
 Oppression's victims, or the mock of pride,
 Doom'd on Siberia's frozen heaths to stray,
 Or feel parch'd Afric's unrelenting ray,
 They'd hug misfortune, and esteem their lot,
 That closer still and closer drew their knot!

Sweet intercourse of nobler souls, who know
 Where heav'n has plac'd man's happiness below;
 Not in the pomp of pow'r, the blast of fame,
 Or wealth's and fashion's ever-shifting aim,
 Or fickle luxury's refin'd repast,
 Whence appetite disgusted, flies at last;
 But, mutual love, and faith which never dies,
 And, leaving earth, shall flourish in the skies!

If heav'n dear pledges of their love bestow,
 And in their breasts bid all the parent glow;
 What sweet complacencies, what pleasing cares,
 What gleams of paradise the bosom shares!
 Each day the parent sees some rising grace,
 Or of the mind, or mind-expressing face;

Each

Each lisping sound, each tone of forming speech,
 Is sweeter music than the spheres can teach.
 A thousand charms the parent can descry,
 Which vanish from each less attentive eye;
 A thousand strokes of wit the parent hears,
 Which never reach less interested ears;
 A thousand splendid days he learns to date,
 Which warm anticipation wrests from fate.
 What sweet emotions in the bosom blend,
 When the dear wrestlers with fond strife contend.
 Who, climbing first the knee, shall seize the kiss;
 A look their prompter, and a smile their bliss!

And if the plant which, with parental hand,
 They fondly rear, its rising growth expand,
 Put forth its leaves, and, as the season flows,
 Its gems, its blossoms, and its fruit disclose,
 And still more comely, still more fruitful rise,
 Adorn the earth, and mount into the skies—
 The pious transports in the soul that glow,
 But heav'n can give, and but a parent know!

Thus,

Thus, unmolested by the storms of strife,
 Their bark glides gently down the stream of life.
 Unwavering constancy directs its sails,
 Cœlestial concord breathes propitious gales;
 Serene content illumines, with placid ray,
 Unfading happiness attends their way,
 Till blest by all, and in each other blest,
 They reach the port, and find eternal rest !

Now ye, whose hearts cold apathy immures,
 And niggard selfishness within secures,
 Indulge but to these scenes a transient glance,
 You'll find humanity her claim advance ;
 While the kind rays of sympathy are felt,
 Your sullen bosoms will begin to melt,
 At last, subdu'd by nature's pow'rful sway,
 They'll sweetly sound responsive, while I say,
 " Ye, then, by whom the path of bliss is sought,
 " Turn, with disdain, the elevated thought
 " From every selfish, narrow, low desire,
 " And own the impulse of a generous fire !"

THE
PAINS OF SENSIBILITY
FROM THE
GENERAL CALAMITIES
OF
HUMAN LIFE.

PART II.

THE
PAINS OF RESPONSIBILITY

FROM THE

GENERAL CALAMITIES

OF

HUMAN LIFE

PART II

THE ARGUMENT.

It is a partial proceeding to view only the fair side of sensibility—An allegorical description of that power—The general condition of man affords ample matter of distress—This condition to be considered in its most prominent features—first, with regard to natural, secondly, to moral evil—The horrors of a tempest—of an inundation—of a fire—famine—an earthquake—the plague—The evils flowing from human corruption and ignorance, still greater than those which spring from the inevitable laws of nature—War—Civil discord—Superstition—Bigotry—Enthusiasm—Despotism in its various shapes—The abuses of liberty.

AN ESSAY ON SENSIBILITY

AH! why, too sanguine, why, too partial muse!
 Present, with magic glass, thy fairy views,
 Which fancy gilds with her delusive ray,
 T'amuse with scenes so treacherously gay;
 While thou concealest from the dazzled eyes
 Yon real wastes, and tempest-loaded skies,
 Which truth commands to strike the clearer sight,
 Banish'd those airy phantoms of delight?

For think what sensibility entails
 Upon the bosom where her pow'r prevails!
 She there transmits each varied pang she knows,
 All her ideal, all her real woes,
 Her fears, her jealousies, her changing storms,
 And hypocondria, in a thousand forms.

For nature, when the sickly nymph she made,
 Assembled all her elements in aid.

Flame

Flame gave its heat, and quick-ascending wing,
 Air its transparence, and elastic spring,
 Earth its variety and richness gave,
 Its softness and fluidity the wave.

All these are in her composition found,
 And every heart by her dominion bound.

Hence passion's ardour, and fine phrensy's flight,
 Reactive feeling, and conception bright,
 Fancy's luxuriance, and varied blow,
 And softness quickly melting into woe!

Hence every finer, softer, keener sense,
 And love and hate, and joy and grief intense,
 And love and hate, and joy and grief in train,
 Shifting like shadows on the vernal plain.

Hence all the soul in every fibre lives,
 Hence every pore a door to anguish gives.

Affassination's in the gentlest touch,
 A word too little, or a word too much,

A look, a whisper, or a breath of air,

Can rouse to rage, or sink in black despair.

If o'er the meadow fragrant zephyr flies,
 Th' enraptur'd soul is wafted to the skies;
 But if the chilling North the fields invades,
 'Tis wrapt in spleen's impenetrable shades.
 When, each remain of purer spirit flown,
 The flaccid nerves have yielded up their tone,
 Black melancholy's cloud o'er spreads the view,
 And tints each object with her dusky hue.
 No more the plains their florid bloom display,
 No more the sun diffuses lively day,
 Nor sweet society affords delight,
 Charg'd with disgust, or pregnant with affright;
 But all around one fullen gloom appears,
 No ray that lightens, and no sound that cheers.
 The soul succumbs beneath the cumb'rous load
 Of life, and pants to leave her dark abode.
 Reason, whose pow'rs should now in arms be join'd
 To break the direful spell that holds the mind,
 Meanly submits t' imagination's reign,
 And walks a fetter'd captive in her train.

Refrain'd by no control, her cruel fway
 To hideous monsters yields the foul a prey,
 From lowest hell her dreadful magic calls
 Each imp that plagues, each spectre that appals.
 A hundred ills, for ever far remov'd,
 But torture, more when figur'd, than when prov'd—
 Incurable diseases, long decay,
 And death invested with each dread array,
 And meagre poverty's distress and shame,
 And loss of friends, and loss of precious fame,
 And what unfelt will scarcely credit find,
 E'en guilt's dire horrors rack the spotless mind.

And, oh ! what scenes on every side appear,
 To wring the bosom, and extort the tear !
 Is not man form'd to trouble, toil, and woe,
 As rapid flame t' ascend, and streams to flow ?
 Poor, naked, helpless, he begins, in cries,
 The life, whose course through desolation lies,
 And which, when the appointed space is run,
 Ends with convulsions, as in throbs begun.

Now

Now youth succumbs beneath disease's rage,
 Now sorrow's gall infects the cup of age.
 Here fate severe suppresses merit's claim,
 There want's cold damps extinguish genius' flame;
 There see the widow and her orphans pine,
 While pow'r and opulence at ease recline,
 And each remains of scanty thought employ
 T' abuse the blessings which they can't enjoy.
 Now hopeless love sweet beauty's form consumes,
 Or perfidy to deeds of horror dooms;
 Now melancholy springs from brooding care,
 Or raging phrensy issues from despair.
 Tyrannic force, or politic deceit,
 Enthron'd, make freedom's neck support their feet,
 While they extending o'er the earth their reign,
 Bid heav'n defiance, and their place maintain!
 But let the muse, awhile, here take her stand,
 And cast her eyes along the dreadful band
 Of evils which surround the human line,
 Or fix'd in nature by the will divine,

Or sprung from vice—a more ferocious crew
 That scourge their mother with infliction due,
 Spreading, affailant, in each form of woe,
 Through every province of man's state below.

Hark ! the loud tempest sweeps the wat'ry plain,
 With horror and destruction in its train.
 Th' expected navy, loaded with the stores
 Of complicated toils, and distant shores,
 Just when the view th' intended port descries,
 Sees the clouds blacken, and the furies rise,
 And strews with wrecks, and wraps in sorrow's shade
 The coast to which it wealth and joy convey'd.
 The children who prepar'd to greet their fire,
 Assume despondent mourning's black attire ;
 The spouse, who panted for her husband's sight,
 Would count it joy to give the funeral rite,
 But, ah ! his limbs are toss'd upon the wave,
 Or in the ocean's monsters find a grave !

The river, which shed gladness o'er the plains,
 Swell'd with dissolving snows, or torrent rains.

Contemns its bed, its highest banks transcends,
 And far and wide its ravages extends.
 Flocks, herds, and stacks are hurried in its train,
 And all the hopes and labours of the swain,
 Who every wish and effort bounds to save
 His wife and children from th' invading wave,
 In vain ! for lo ! the unremitting tide
 Assaults his sinking house on every side.
 Borne on a plank, with fruitless toil he tries
 To bring them help, but hears their dying cries,
 Then sees them sink, and, by deliv'rance curst,
 Envy's their happier fate who perish'd first,
 Their happier fate who're freed from want and woe,
 And all the pangs which from remembrance flow,
 While he must wander, helpless and forlorn,
 Or pity's object, or th' obdurate's scorn.
 Now shrieks, and signals of distress resound;
 While death and devastation spread around ;
 The fertile champaign grows one boundless sea,
 Save the o'ertopping tow'r, and airy tree.

Such late their fate, the fertile fields who sow'd,
 Through which the Rhine's majestic current flow'd,
 When after cruel winter's lengthen'd reign,
 They pray'd returning spring to free the plain.
 But, when his thaws dissolv'd the icy band
 Which held the streams, and petrified the land,
 While Alpine snows increas'd the river's force,
 But hills of ice denied its wonted course,
 The hapless swain saw his possessions drown'd,
 And where he hop'd relief, destruction found.

How oft when night dissolves, in soft repose,
 The household, fearless of impending woes,
 Th' insidious spark, which in some corner lay,
 In secret eating out its direful way,
 Fed by surrounding fuel into flame,
 Extends around its desolating claim,
 Subdues the roof, and gains the fanning air,
 The darkness yielding to its livid glare.
 The wretched sleepers now their danger know,
 And wake from fancied bliss to real woe.

The

The noise and tumult which around them ring,
 Increase their terror while they succour bring.
 The rafters crack, th' enfeebld floors subside,
 The flames and smoke each road to safety hide;
 Only remains the window's height to try,
 And death to hazard, while from death they fly.
 The shrieking mother, whom her fears confound,
 Throws down her babe, and dashes on the ground,
 Those that remain, encircled by the fire,
 Bereft of aid, with doleful shrieks expire.
 The parents, who had sunk to peaceful rest,
 With numerous pledges of their union blest,
 Childless behold the gloomy morn arise,
 And, plung'd in horror, half upbraid the skies.
 Now haggard famine passes o'er the plain,
 Blights every stalk, and curses every grain.
 She joys to think each hopeful labour lost,
 And desolation spreading round the coast.
 Or, parch'd with unrelenting suns, the ear
 Refuses filling with th' advancing year,

Or, wash'd with timeless rains, ne'er takes the hue
 Which speaks the harvest to the fickle due.
 Winter array'd in triple gloom appears;
 No store supplies him, and no comfort cheers.
 Dearth spreads subsistence, which offensive seem'd,
 Is snatch'd with ardour, and delicious deem'd;
 E'en nauseous animals become a prey,
 Add to expiring life another day.
 These fail; ferocious hunger's gripping fangs
 Seize on the frame, and tear with racking pangs;
 Subdu'd by want, humanity expires,
 Abandoning the soul t' infernal fires,
 The mother tears the infant from her breast,
 And meditates the worse than hellish feast,
 But when her murd'rous hand prepares the wound,
 She drops, a breathless carcase, on the ground,
 The clinging babe still seeks the milky store,
 And sucks the bosom which can flow no more.

Oft earth against her wretched sons conspires,
 If free from famine, tempests, floods or fires,

While

While all convuls'd she to her center shakes,
 And desolation's blackest forms awakes.
 The lofty fabric feels the throbbing shocks,
 As on the turbid deep the vessel rocks.
 Unceasing tremors rend the sinking walls;
 One mingled heap the crashing ruin falls,
 Where shall the naked sufferers succour spy?
 To heav'n they look! black clouds involve the sky.
 The deep in swelling torrents foams around,
 Nor than the deep more stable is the ground;
 Wide yawns the earth; they're swallow'd in its womb,
 And find, before they have expir'd, a tomb.

Such, and more terrible than words can tell,
 The fate by which unhappy Lisbon fell.
 Such, and more dreadful even than fancy feigns,
 That which, Calabria, ravag'd thy domains,
 When mountains sunk, and stagnant lakes were seen,
 Where late the olive and the vine had been,
 And awful waste, and silent solitude
 Appear'd where towns and lively hamlets stood.

What

— What element's not overcharg'd with woe?
 Whither shall persecuted mortals go,
 Where terror and destruction not appear?
There they encounter what they fly from *here*,
 And while they seek some single ill to shun,
 See bands of grief surround them as they run.
 E'en the blest air, which feeds the vital breath,
 Is pregnant oft with pestilence and death.
 No art, no wisdom, no defence provide
 Against destruction rang'd on every side,
 While e'en the vivifying source of day
 Darts malady and plague in every ray,
 Deepens the gloom of each returning morn,
 And loads with dead the fields he wont t'adorn,
 Nor do disease and death, with common hand,
 Then spread their horrors round the groaning land,
 But take each form of anguish and despair
 Which hell can forge, and human bodies bear,
 Where e'en description's blackest colours fade,
 And fancy owns she wants so deep a shade.

No ease, no hope, no consolation known,
 Th' infected sufferer heaves th' incessant groan,
 His glaring eyes no soothing slumbers close,
 Or grant the short oblivion of repose.
 His spotted skin t' unnumber'd ulcers turns,
 While in his heart a constant furnace burns;
 His swollen throat, exuding putrid blood,
 Denies a passage to the voice and food;
 He pants for water, he can ask no more,
 Tastes it—and feels the burning as before,
 A putrid vapour round his frame exhales,
 Marking a carcass long ere death prevails.
 Med'cine acknowledges her fruitless care,
 And silent sits, or mutters her despair.
 With dissolution present to his sight;
 The wretch is wrung with anguish and affright,
 Now begging death to end the cureless woe,
 Now to delay awhile the fatal blow,
 While ling'ring on the margin of the tomb,
 He dreads futurity's uncertain gloom.

Rage

Rage and distraction seizing on the brain,
 Supply a short oblivion of pain,
 And momentary strength, and then subside
 Into the weakness of th' exhausted tide.
 A clammy sweat from every pore expest;
 The quick-drawn breath scarce labours through the breast,
 Convulsive spasms the quivering nerves contract,
 The face distorted, and each fibre rackt,
 Th' ears tinkle, th' eyes in deathful darkness swim,
 A freezing torpor creeps through every limb,
 Till from the heart the vital spark retires,
 And a dread spectacle the wretch expires.

Wide spreads th' infection, wide the terror flies,
 Each fears th' impending vengeance of the skies.
 Soft charity, repell'd by selfish dread,
 Runs struck with horror from th' infected bed,
 And leaves the suff'ring to endure alone,
 Unheard intreaty, and unpitied moan.

Nor this preserves the found; for oft the blow
 They sought to shun, comes loaded with the woe

Of dire remorse, that they refus'd to grant
 The friendly succour which themselves now want ;
 And deaf to pity's, deaf to nature's cry,
 Allow'd their relatives like beasts to die⁷.
 Nor age, nor sex escapes the general doom,
 The living scarce suffice the dead t' inhum.
 The voice of mourning pours from every door,
 The ways with endless funerals blacken o'er.
 Those, who their friends had to the grave consign'd,
 Catch the infection borne on every wind,
 And seek their homes they ne'er shall leave again,
 Unless attended by the sable train.
 The streets, the roads, the fields, are cover'd o'er
 With bodies, for they can inter no more.
 Hence fresh malignance spreading through the air,
 The birds and beasts man's desolation share.
 All nature languishes ; the verdure fades ;
 The hand of winter seems to strip the shades.

⁷ See Lucretius' Description of the Plague at Athens.—Book VI.

No more they mourn, no more they fear or feel,
 Despair invests the bosom with her steel;
 And each survivor, wrapt in fullen gloom,
 Expects, with silent apathy, his doom.

— But these dire scenes of heav'n's peculiar rage
 Appear, you answer, scarcely in an age.
 Range then the streets, and lo! distress and grief,
 And want and hunger, supplicate relief,
 And wring the heart where soft compassion lives,
 (For, ah! how weak the succour which it gives!)
 While luxury displays her impious pride,
 Rejects their pray'r, or turns her face aside.
 Still all these ills which nature's laws impose,
 Are rare and gracious when compar'd with those
 Which lawless folly and unbridled will,
 And envious hate, and sickly whim fulfil.
 Let loose to rage with unremitting strife,
 And hang with black the scene of human life.
 See bloody war unlock the bars that stay'd
 His rabid fiends, impatient to invade

The ease which peace and industry prepar'd,
 And all the other foes of man had spar'd.
 Terror and rage his harbingers appear ;
 Distress and devastation close his rear.

See civil discord more ferocious still,
 More big with rancour and destructive skill,
 Or wield the firebrand, or the dagger draw,
 Or sanction murder by the guise of law,
 And bid despairing shrieks and groans resound,
 And blood be pour'd, and carnage heap'd around.

See superstition trembling at the noise
 Of rushing torrents, or the thunder's voice,
 The moon's eclipse, the flashing meteor's glare,
 And each vicissitude of earth or air ;
 Involv'd in guilt's or ignorance's shade,
 Each vain or cruel practice call in aid,
 Maintain with reason a perpetual fight,
 And virtue barter for the empty rite.
 Observe the entrails, mark the flying bird,
 Hang on the crafty augur's doubtful word,

Hollow

Hollow the pavement with the midnight pray'r,
 Or to the cutting scourge the shoulders bare,
 Rob, to erect the shrine, the orphan's store,
 Or even the altar stain with human gore,
 And while she either tortures or endures,
 Pursue by horrid crimes, ~~of~~ crimes the cures ;
 While bigotry, attending by her side,
 With eye of jealousy and heart of pride,
 Invades the dearest rights which nature gave,
 Says God is honour'd most when man's a slave,
 That spark extinguish'd he has taught to glow,
 And what he form'd for bliss is plung'd in woe,
 And all enflam'd with persecuting ire,
 Or turns the rack, or lights the fatal fire.

Contemning these from every form's restraint,
 Moon-struck enthusiasm liberates the faint.
 Excursive springs, on founding pinions flies
 Beyond earth's limits, and ascends the skies,
 But soon bewilder'd 'midst the airy way,
 While clouds still thickening intercept the day,

She

She, from the giddy course at last grown blind,
 Falls back upon the earth she left behind,
 With disappointment stung, and mad with shame,
 Rejects inquiring reason's solid claim,
 For sacred lore her frantic follies vends,
 No more by argument but force contends,
 Oppresses, while for freedom she disputes;
 Abhorring persecution, persecutes;
 Levels the temple, where the common Lord,
 Who claims a free religion, is ador'd,
 And makes the torch diffuse the sacred rays
 Which wraps the city in one dreadful blaze.

See high-thron'd despotism with joy survey
 A dastard world content to own her sway.
 Dark policy her fullen visage hides,
 Oppression guards her, and suspicion guides;
 Yet, while with trembling hand she rules or braves,
 She feels the tyrant is the slave of slaves.

Oh ! in what age, what climate, do we find
 The human form appear as heav'n design'd.

E

With

With port erect, with freedom's honest guise,
 With look directed to its native skies ?
 For cast your eyes o'er this terrestrial ball,
 Behold the boasted monarch of it all,
 Bent to the yoke, a greater slave appears
 Than e'en the brutes o'er whom he domineers.
 Does lion e'er to lion homage pay,
 And yield the forest as his lawful sway ?
 Does bull to bull resign the common mead,
 And at his will consent to breathe and feed ?
 No ; if constrain'd by matchless force to yield
 The courted mistress and the flow'ry field,
 Th' indignant vanquish'd leaves the victor's reign,
 And seeks another wood, another plain.
 But man consents to bend the servile knee
 To one as weak, as poor, as blind as he,
 And, as the highest exaltation, craves
 To be the first and meanest of his slaves.

Behold the Turk, obedient to his lord,
 To his own neck apply the fatal cord.

Esteem

Esteem it great to die by his command,
 And kiss the warrant sanction'd by his hand.
 Behold a vain, ambitious, sprightly race,
 Whom science, wit, and polish'd manners grace,
 But by despotic sway each fire repress,
 Whose generous ardour warms the manly breast,
 Profusely squander genius' richest store
 To deck the idol which they *must* adore;
 And pleas'd in chains, and joining mirth with awe,
 E'en vanity from degradation draw.

Behold a nation that extends its reign
 O'er half a hemisphere, and grasps the main,
 Call art and science, and each milder grace,
 To fix beneath the pole their dwelling place,
 Court trade and wealth, and every civil bliss,
 And deem by pow'r alone they may possess!
 Oh! vain attempt! to strive with nature's laws,
 To seek th' effect, yet reprobate the cause.
 Those precious plants by slow progression rise,
 E'en when advanc'd by freedom's fostering skies.

But where despotic clouds deform the year,
 In vain you plant, in vain you try to rear.
 Soon as the shoot appears above the earth,
 It owns the clime, and perishes in birth.
 Vain is each wish, each effort of the soul,
 When that is wanting which supports the whole !

Ye princes ! would you spread true joy around,
 Go, dash that iron sceptre on the ground !
 Let freedom live, let equal law prevail,
 Let steady justice hold th' impartial scale ;
 Let lord and peasant, king and subject, meet,
 On equal terms before her judgement seat ;
 Let each derive his station from her hand,
 While all unite in common int'rest's band.
 Ah ! idle pray'r ! the nations you have broke,
 If freed from yours, would court another yoke.
 The neck that once has felt the servile chain
 Can ne'er be rais'd to liberty again ⁸.

⁸ Nec vera virtus, quum semel excidit,

Curat reponi deterioribus—

Hor. Od. Lib. III. 5, 29.

Next turn your eyes where Ganges' sacred stream
 Renews the fields that mourn th' oppressive beam ;
 Behold what ills from cursed av'rice flow,
 And shed a tear o'er complicated woe !
 Thirsting for gold, what numbers seek the strand
 Where force is law, and int'rest every band,
 Let rapine loose, erect extortion's throne,
 Spread mis'ries even there before unknown ;
 Till they at last complete th' infernal plan,
 And millions perish to enrich *one man*.

Oh ! wretched race ! whom destiny severe
 Hath mock'd with joy, and doom'd each woe to bear ;
 For you in vain the beamy diamond shines,
 And the rich deep its pearly store resigns ;
 For you in vain th' ingenious loom supplies
 The flowing web that rivals nature's dies ;
 For you in vain your spicy forests blow,
 And with the golden ore your mountains glow ;
 For you oppression ever shakes her chains,
 And cruelty invents her racking pains !

Not tracks immense of interposing deep,
 Not tides that whirl, or hurricanes that sweep,
 Not fever-darting rays directly sped
 From the day's furnace glowing over head,
 Not the perfidious monsters of your floods,
 Not those that, raging, issue from your woods,
 (For you *these* ills suffice not to endure,)
 Can your rich plains from foreign rage secure.

If now you can more dreadful scenes survey,
 See those which Guinea's dismal shores display.
 Chain'd two and two, lo! the devoted throng
 Move, with the silence of despair, along.
 Th' inhuman merchant drives them to the strand
 Where they for ever quit their native land!
 Pent in the hold, oppress'd with galling chains,
 Disease affails them, and infection reigns!
 Death's manumission on the wat'ry way
 Deprives the plunderer of half his prey.
 Arriv'd in port, see the surviving few
 Expos'd, like cattle, to the buyer's view,

And

And doom'd by th' unrelenting voice of gain,
 To endless slav'ry and unfolac'd pain.
 The rug that faves not from the solar flame,
 Or nightly damps, and scarce conceals their shame,
 The stifling hut, th' unwholesome scanty fare,
 The bed that wounds the limbs it should repair,
 Th' incessant task beneath the cutting thong,
 Rais'd to avenge caprice's fancied wrong.
 No cheering hope, no folacing repose,
 And death the only period of their woes !
 Hence oft despair suggests the bloody knife,
 Or strangling cord, t' exchange a tortur'd life
 For restoration to the happy shore
 Where white men rage and drivers rack no more.

These slavery's blackest forms ! But oft the lands,
 Where liberty's refulgent temple stands,
 Adore an idol deck'd in gaudy shew,
 Nor real presence of the goddess know,
 Or where she dwells corruption takes her name,
 To cloak the baseness of some shameful aim.

See the Venetian glorious freedom praise,
 Because four hundred sovereigns he obeys,
 In gloomy silence to his senate bend,
 Tremble to blame, and tremble to commend,
 Tremble lest the heart-freezing curtain draw,
 And shew him hang t' inculcate silent awe.

Thrice happy Britain! did you truly know
 What high prerogatives to heav'n you owe.
 You, nor a mob, nor monarch domineers,
 Nor noble, cruel from a tyrant's fears;
 But equal rule from balanc'd power draws
 The life of freedom, and the reign of laws,
 Maintains to man the station heav'n assign'd,
 And guards him from his greatest foe — his kind,
 But as each human work's imperfect still,
 Each human good attended with its ill;
 So civil bliss, like health excessive, breeds
 Corrosive humours, and corruption's seeds,
 Which gather strength no medicines can tame,
 And threaten dissolution to the frame.

Hence

Hence wealth providing the luxurious store,
 Unnerves the soul and bids exert no more.
 Hence when th' effect exhausts the cause, and brings
 Dependance flowing from profusion's springs,
 Ambition aims by posts to make th' amends,
 And not for glory but for gain contends,
 While liberty is freedom to be brib'd,
 And spurn each bound which justice has prescrib'd.
 In diff'rent colours the same passion's drest.
 While each assumes the garb that fits them best.
 Placemen and patriots vary but in name,
 The look is different, but the heart the same;
 And through whatever roads their course they ply,
 Interest's the goal on which they fix their eye.
 While wretched country, bleeding at each side,
 Is but the jade on which by turns they ride,
 And discord never lets her trumpet cease,
 Nor Britons taste th' unmingl'd sweets of peace.
 O Thou, who open, generous, and kind,
 See'st human nature's figure in thy mind,

And

And warm'd with th' image's resistless grace,
 Extendst thy arms to clasp the lovely race,
 Avert, if thou wouldst keep the soul that glows,
 Avert thy placid eyes from scenes like those.
 For when thou'dst seen them with a wild surprise,
 First thou wouldst hate mankind, and then despise.
 Philanthropy to cold indifference turn'd,
 Would freeze thy bosom, as before it burn'd.

Had I the eagle's wing to mount the sky,
 Far from the busy haunts of men I'd fly,
 Seek in the dreary desert a retreat,
 And shun the very prints of human feet :
 For where th' assemblage of mankind is found,
 Guile, envy, selfishness, and hate abound.
 Or sneaking treachery, or ruffian pow'r,
 With black impressions mark each passing hour ;
 And while a deep, and deeper shade they cast,
 Foretel the future shall exceed the past !
 Or could I learn to see with other eyes,
 And own a soul no baseness can surprise.

END OF THE SECOND PART,

THE
PAINS OF SENSIBILITY

ARISING FROM THE VIEW OF
PRIVATE CHARACTERS AND PRIVATE PURSUITS.

PART III.

THE

PAINTS OF SENSIBILITY

AS APPEARING FROM THE VIEW OF

PRIVATE CHARACTERS AND PRIVATE PURSUITS.

PART III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satisfaction more likely to be found among private
 than among public characters.—That we are here
 again disappointed.—A view of some characters
 which are really vicious.—The character of Mar-
 cator.—Nero.—Piso.—Harpax.—Adrian.—
 Tiberius.—Tiberius.—Sextus.—Sextus.—
 Vindex.—Vindex.—Vindex.—Vindex.—
 Helio.—Helio.—Helio.—Helio.—
 Tiberius.—Tiberius.—Tiberius.—Tiberius.—
 the whole, have often some glaring defect which ex-
 cites our disgust.—The character of Augustus.—
 Cato.—Cato.—Cato.—Cato.—
 Iniquus.—Cato.—Cato.—Cato.—
 fore, to continue the English character, since subjects of
 digest crowd in to fill us to the brim.—
 classical character, whatever they may present.
 afford an ample illustration of the same.—
 bone.—Savonarola.—The Spaniard.—The Spaniard.—
 holophy.—Holophy.—Holophy.—Holophy.—
 of respect.—Penny often the only and pro-
 ted.—Mela.—Mela.—Mela.—Mela.—
 feeling heart, overpowered by those views, wishes to
 become hard and insensible.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satisfaction more likely to be found among private than among public characters——But we are here again disappointed.——A view of some characters which are really vicious.——The character of Mercator — Notario — Prædo — Harpax — Adulio — Bubo — Trimmer — Superb — Squire Warrant — Vindex — Pomposo — Dolofus — Sophus — Potentius — Helluo — Libido — Viriofo — Hazard — Torvas — Papilio — Serpentine.——Even characters good, upon the whole, have often some glaring defect which excites our disgust——The character of Amufus — Dulcello — Rusticio — Bamboozle — Scriblerus — Tickle — Ineptus — Cynecio — Benevolus.——It is vain, therefore, to continue the endless chace, since subjects of disgust croud in so fast as to baffle delineation——Ecclesiastical characters, whatever they may promise, afford as little satisfaction as others——Parson Marrowbone — Sniveller — Dr. Smart——The spectacle of philosophy still more distressing——Dismal consequences of scepticism——Poetry often also abused and prostituted——Melancholy pictures presented in history——The feeling heart, overpowered by those views, wishes to become hard and insensible.

AN ESSAY ON SENSIBILITY.

BUT, leaving buskin'd characters, let's try
 If life's inferior stations may'n't supply
 Some with whom virtue loves her name to tell,
 And sensibility delights to dwell.

Ye, who with soft affection's fervour glow,
 Does ne'er disgust her chilling vapour throw,
 While to the generous flame with which you burn,
 Your bosoms meet no solacing return?
 While in this field of treachery and strife,
 In this aceldama of human life,
 Ambition, envy, avarice, and lust,
 The heart of treason, and the face of trust,
 Taint action's springs, the noblest pow'rs debase,
 And leave few virtues to retrieve our race.
 At mammon's shrine what clouds of incense rise!
 Few, very few, refuse to sacrifice;

But

But fewer still behold with just disdain,
The tinsel fav'rites of his potent reign.

Behold Mercator, who, on shirtless back,
Long bore, without fatigue, the frugal pack,
And many a village seen, and many a town,
Found he could count full twenty shillings down.
Then with his gain, his scale of fraud increasing,
He grew an adept in the art of fleecing.
He set up shop; by ounces and by pounds
Long cheated. Wholesale next enlarg'd his bounds.
He smuggled, and forestall'd, and ground the poor,
And made, from public dearth, his fortune sure;
Full *cent. per cent.* on every job he spied,
Nor let an oath obstruct the golden tide.
When, as no mortal man's without a flaw,
He got entangled in the nets of law,
A bankruptcy restor'd him to repose,
And from a bankruptcy he richer rose.
At last, his tow'ring wishes to compleat,
He candidate commenc'd; and bought a seat,

Then

Then sold his vote, a *contract* gave the sum
He had so long desir'd,—a double plum!

Well! now Mercator scarce can count his fields:
A more than princely dome Mercator builds:
Mercator treats proud nobles at his board:
Mercator, though a scoundrel, is ador'd;
And, with well-grounded pride, exults to see
Hundreds surround him, baser still than he.

Long did Notario drive the close-cut quill;
While *two pence for the sheet* compos'd his bill;
Till, growing skill'd in every quirk of law,
To raise an action, or descry a flaw,
He saw his reputation wide unfold,
And every bit of paper change to gold.
From nothing, now, his villany will flinch—
He hopes, perhaps, at last, to mount the bench!

See Prædo, who was forc'd, for flight of hand,
T' exchange his country for the Indian strand;
When once arriv'd upon the blissful clime
Where neither punishment exists nor crime,

F

He

Soon learnt by other rules his life to scan,
 And found himself a more than honest man.
 Arms now and rapine grown his lawful trade,
 Widows and orphans he by thousands made,
 And shew'd uncommon skill to turn, with haste,
 The fruitful district to a barren waste.
 Thus chemists careful ev'ry grain t' explore,
 Extract the gold, and leave the drossy ore.
 When glutted with the glory and the spoil,
 He sigh'd to see again his native soil.
 Wash'd white in Ganges' stream, he brought his store,
 And bought the very lands he *plough'd* before.
 The seat of ancient nobles levell'd quite,
 A Chinese gimcrack serves to shew its site,
 And with their lands, their offspring's honour fled,
 A baron's daughter mounts his filthy bed.

Harpax, that wretch, whose coffers burst with wealth,
 Collected by extortion, fraud, or stealth,
 Close by the treasure tries, in vain, to sleep,
 His toil t' increase it, and his care to keep.

On

On him no child depends for its supply,
 No friend, no brother, casts an asking eye;
 No pious duty covers, with its blind,
 The fordid avarice that wrings his mind;
 But he still heaps for solitary self,
 And broods incumbent o'er the hoarded pelf.

Heav'n in compassion took his wife away;
 With joy he saw her mingl'd with the clay;
 But, lo! her coffin must be paid at last:

"What! for a coffin can so much be ask'd?"

"I will not pay."—"We'll sue you."—"That may be;

"Force only shall extort that sum from me."—

They brought their action, and, with costs, obtain'd,

And, for the coffin, his effects distrain'd.

But, similar mischances to prevent,

He for a carpenter directly sent,

And bade him, for his chest, the measure take,

The coarsest, and the cheapest he could make;

Which brought, he safely in his cellar locks,

Against the time his carcass needs the box.*

* This is a true story.

And, yet, this wretch is courted and carels'd,
 Because of eighty thousand pounds possess'd,
 Courted by those who make his will their scope,
 And e'en by those who never knew the hope ;
 For money's name alone can homage draw,
 And fill each bosom with a sacred awe !

Who can behold, without indignant ire,
 That worm Adulio creeping in the mire ?
 To him an equipage and liv'ry'd state
 Comprises all that's excellent and great.
 If my Lord own him with a sideling glance,
 With humble rev'rence he presumes t' advance ;
 If he vouchsafe a word, or deign a smile,
 'Tis a reward for months of servile toil ;
 But, if most graciously he's ask'd to dine,
 'Tis honour's self, 'tis ecstasy divine !
 See him approach, array'd in Sunday's suit,
 And, bowing, almost kiss his Lordship's foot,
 Enquire, with flattery's most impatient mien,
 " How goes his health ? " or " How his sleep has been ? "

And

And start aghast, if answer'd with the sound,

" I've got a cough," or " Am most sadly bound."

With constant caution he observes his eyes,

Prone to anticipate the wish he spies.

If he perceive a speck upon his coat,

He asks permission to efface the blot ;

Drops he his glove, he darts to pick it up ;

Forgets his cane, he's with it ere he stop.

He props, with his assent, whate'er he says ;

Blames if he blame, and praises if he praise.

Has the great man a hump, or pimpl'd face,

He thinks some small deformities give grace.

If he is merry, and attempts a stroke,

His ready laugh establishes the joke.

Has he the spleen, and voids on him his bile,

He takes the vomit with complacent smile.

In short, he is his master's bounden elf,

And e'en, from selfishness, enjoys no self.

Yet, this vile reptile, this most abject thing,

Like other reptiles, may, at last, take wing,

And, spite of truth, of indignation spite,
 Fly up to honour's most exalted height,
 And, chang'd into the tyrant from the slave,
 From others get the dirty cares he gave !

See Bubo, who, at college and at school,
 Was every form's and every class's fool,
 A butt which every wanton shaft might hit,
 Or whetstone for each wag to sharp his wit.
 Much from correcting birch did he endure ;
 But the disease of dulness what can cure ?
 How often, pitying the plodding wretch,
 Jack Taylor made his theme, and sav'd his breech !
 How often when, as humour's game he fled,
 He saw him panting, and to covert led.
 Now mark the change ! his wealth can all supply,
 And give to schools and colleges the lie.
 Now Bubo's wife, and eloquent, and fit
 To rule the state, and dictates e'en in wit !
 I could, with patience, all his splendor see,
 Did blockheads only to him bend the knee ;

But

But when they worship him that mock'd before,
I burst with spite, and can contain no more !

Trimmer is a consummate politician;
To rule a borough his sublime ambition,
His conscience stretches like elastic gum,
But can, as seasons suit, its size resume.
To gain his point his active soul disdains
No dirty barter, no degrading pains.
His cheek adorn'd with everlasting smiles,
His *lips* are *honest*, while his *heart* beguiles.
In fine, he shews, all policy compris'd,
A minister of state epitomiz'd !

Superb first drew 'midst Scottish hills his breath,
A thousand acres, two thirds yielding heath,
The other oats, compos'd the wide domain
O'er which his birthright gave him pow'r to reign.
Pride with his milk, at every suck, he drew,
And 'midst oppression's trembling objects grew.
Truth-hating prejudice in chains confin'd,
His soul to ignorance's gloom consign'd.

While the high titles of a chief dispense
 With genius, knowledge, equity, and sense.
 His tattered tenants view'd him as a god,
 Whose voice was thunder, and whose hand a rod.
 If five year's savings gave the coarsest suit,
 If the new shoe conceal'd the beaten foot,
 Or if the mud-built cot grew warm and neat,
 Or rib of pork compos'd the Sunday's treat ;
 They waxed rich, enjoy'd too clement skies,
 His anger kindles, and their rents must rise,
 Till, quite reduc'd, they crop the scanty grain,
 Leave ev'ry field as barren as his brain ;
 And press'd, at last, by want's resistless hand,
 Fly from the tyrant and their native land.
 Yet all this petty tyrant does or says,
 Must be receiv'd with silence or with praise ;
 On his own dunghill so long us'd to crow,
 He seems the sovereign cock of all below,
 And makes a trumpet notify his mind,
 " That all the world may dine, when he has din'd ¹⁰.

¹⁰ This is related of a Highland chieftain.

Squire Warrant holds three villages in awe,
 Fully commiffion'd to opprefs—by law ;
 While conftables, and jails, and whipping pofts,
 And Bridewell, at his ftern command he boafte.
 In vain the mother feeks to footh his rage
 Againft the only refuge of her age ;
 In vain the wife to fave her husband tries,
 Whofe daily toil her babes with bread fupplies ;
 The law forbids fuch criminals to fpare ;
 For *he* deftroy'd a trout, and *he* a hare.
 Their country's flaves, they now muft crofs the main,
 And leave their limbs upon the diftant plain.
 If you with Vindex wage the flighteft ftrife,
 He flames with hatred that expires with——life.
 Nor time, nor diftance, nor fubmiffion, change
 The fteady purpofe of his high revenge,
 Which its capacity fo wide extends,
 That all your relatives it comprehends.
 Once his ftern countenance diffus'd a ray
 More bright than bridegroom's on his nuptial day.

Whence

Whence this unusual joy ? that day he found
 The blifsful means an ancient foe to wound,
 Whose wrongs, by twenty years incrufted o'er,
 Hard fate allow'd not to revenge before !
 Detested wretch ! whose foul, a hell below,
 Is lefs to others, than thyfelf, a foe ;
 Bafe as relentless, impotent as bafe !
 What region of defpair fhall be thy place,
 When call'd to answer ? no ; that place we find
 Already fettled in thy curfed mind !

With lofty mien, and eyes emitting fire,
 Pompofo struts, and calls you to admire ;
 And, if his fweeping courfe a glafs be nigh,
 He ftrokes his chin, and “ Who fo fine as I ? ”
 His arms, his legs, with confcious pride furveys,
 And all the glories of his form difplays.
 Talk you of birth ? — from Fergus he defcends,
 And fcarce his pedigree in Adam ends ;
 And fin original is, in his creed,
 That from a gardener we all proceed.

Of high connections ? — all surround the throne,

And by its splendor only are outshone.

Of science ? — then he soars supremely high,

X And is a perfect encyclopedy :

But, while he tries his treasure to disclose,

A vast extent of vacuum he shows.

Attempt to question what he dares advance,

Your answer is a most ferocious glance.

Expose his boasts — ~~wounds~~! blood! destruction! fire!

You'll prove the wretched victim of his ire.

Yet, firmly look this hero in the face,

And treat with plain contempt his vain grimace,

Of weakness conscious, impotent of soul,

Like the beat cur he skulks into his hole !

The turkey thus, bird cowardly and vain,

Spreads, to spectators' view, his tawdry train,

Invests his pate with mingling blue and red,

And drops his pendant snout to raise your dread.

But wave your hand, the creature takes to flight,

All his vain terrors vanish from the sight.

Thus

Thus empty stomachs most with wind abound;
 Thus hollow casks emit the loudest sound;
 Thus books that shew a splendid title page,
 Have nought besides attention to engage;
 Thus inns that promise rarest cheer and wine,
 Can oft produce them only on—the sign!

Dolofus is a saint, a man of grace,
 Religion's self is painted in his face.
 How grave his mien! how sanctified his talk!
 His garb how modest! how compos'd his walk!
 His shining locks, dividing on the crown,
 Depend, like candlewicks, his shoulders down.
 Sage prudence guards the portal of his lips,
 Whence no unhallow'd, rash expression slips.
 Constant at service, regular in pray'r,
 His soul despises every worldly care.
 He lets no fault unnotic'd pass him by,
 But marks with censure's most opprobrious die.
 Pure orthodoxy's dictates he defends,
 Pursues God's glory, and his church extends;

And,

And, were the pow'r, as th' inclination, giv'n,
 By fire and sword would spread the reign of heav'n.
 Thus, since he on his God so much bestows,
 The less he to his fellow-creatures owes.
 Let want implore, let heart-struck sorrow bleed,
 Pity's no article in all his creed;
 Which only lends its cloak to cover self,
 Or low ambition, or vile love of self;
 While, overflowing with malignant grace,
 He views, with godly hate, the human race.

Sophus, from such hypocrisy exempt,
 Surveys him, and all such, with just contempt;
 But not content to stop where reason stays,
 The very vice he reprobates, betrays.
 He holds that all religion is a cheat,
 The child of ignorance, or of deceit;
 At priest, and church, and superstition, rails,
 And Celsus' jokes, at hundredth hand, retails;
 Snatches from Providence her scale and rod,
 And nature always substitutes to God.

Philosophy

Philosophy with him's the sacred cloak
 That hides the view of his ignoble yoke ;
 For, lo ! this man, whose swelling thoughts aspire,
 Rolls in debauchery's obscenest mire,
 Insensibility his bosom steels,
 And nothing great or good he ever feels.

Potentius is compassionate and kind,
 To all——who are exactly of his mind,
 To all who make him snuff the fumes of praise,
 Nodding to each absurdity he says ;
 To all who, moving with an humbler flight,
 Never presume to reach his awful height.
 But is there one who dares to hint dissent,
 Who cannot flatter, and who, not content
 To rest in a subordinate degree,
 By merit aims to rise as high as he?—
 To such, although he pour th' incessant moan,
 He's deaf as stormy waves, and hard as stone !

Helluo, that mass of matter, lives to eat,
 Nor ever thinks, but to invent a treat.

He

He casts upon the haunch a leering look,
 And sees the first of artists in a cook.
 Of all the creatures form'd by heav'nly might,
 A turtle is the fairest in his sight,
 Of all th' enjoyments various man partakes,
 None such sensations as green fat awakes.
 If his great soul designs a glorious feast,
 He caters it three weeks before, at least,
 And tastes each dish with most discerning care,
 To fix its title on the bill of fare.
 Thus, on the noble purpose of good cheer,
 He fairly spends two thousand pounds a year;
 And if a novel dish could strike his eye,
 Would pay it down at once without a sigh.

Libido, though a wife supremely fair
 Partakes his bed, and has bestow'd an heir.
 Yet, as stol'n offals children think more sweet
 Than e'en the most delicious tabled meat,
 Snuffs, flagrant as a goat, his neighbour's maid;
 A tatter'd dowdy, and a batter'd jade.

He

He skulks in corners when the evening falls,
 And for his charming partner caterwauls.
 Oft he receives the stone of passing boy,
 Or feels the emptied jordan cool his joy;
 Slinks home a most bespatter'd, stinking wight,
 And curses lust, and then—returns next night.

“ Such joys are not for me,” Vinoso cries,
 “ Pure pleasure’s effence in the bottle lies;
 “ With jovial fellows when the glass goes round,
 “ Mirth bursts amain, and comic strains resound;
 “ Blest with oblivion of low-thoughted care,
 “ Who would desire the monarch’s lot to share?”
 He drinks and roars, till, sunk beneath a swine,
 He hiccoughs, and restores—the juice divine.

Hazard calls drunkards, butchers, gluttons, beasts,
 Disease’s victims, or derision’s jests;
 Pure, and unfulled by each other vice,
 He keeps his soul entire for cards and dice,
 Pursues close calculation’s slender line,
 And marks the point where fortune *must* incline.

He

He waits, like spider, 'midst her filmy snare,
 For the flush tradesman, or the new-fledg'd heir;
 "Sedate to think, and watching each event,"
 Catches the moment when the heart's unbent,
 Pours out the bumper he takes care to pass,
 And the purse empties when he fills the glass.
 If he's detected in some sharpening trick,
 And the fork nails his hand just in the nick¹¹,
 He's kick'd a scoundrel: but if chance imparts,
 Not to less base, but more successful arts,
 A hundred thousand — his desert attains
 Th' exact proportion of his treasur'd gains.

Torvas delights to see the rising jar,
 To fan the flame, and animate the war.
 The bloody nose, black eye, demolish'd tooth,
 Or deadly blow, give rapture to the youth.
 If he can't glut, with human strife, his eyes,
 He to the cockpit for amusement flies.

¹¹ This is well known to have happened to a famous sharper.

What glorious ecstasies his breast expand,
 When twenty combatants have kiss'd the sand !
 And e'en the victor gasping at his feet,
 Renders the scene of massacre complete.

Not so Papilio, whose politer care
 Is center'd in his buckle, coat, or hair——
 A thing of silk, whose learning is to scan
 A song, or know the figures on a fan.
 By the rank fragrance of perfume he's known,
 And bears the scents of France to hide his own.
 He sports his hand, which chick-skin gloves make white,
 And with the diamond's glitter wounds the fight.
 With blood like Zemblian ice, and heart of stone,
 He talks of flames, and raptures never known,
 At Mara's strains pretends to die away,
 Melts into tears if moving Siddons play,
 On frogs and ortolans can only dine,
 And sickens if he see the rude furloin.
Il parle sans cesse how things are done abroad,
 How they adjust each etiquette and mode.

“ All's

“ All’s order’d well in France—there kings bear sway;

“ There men of fashion make the mean obey;

“ There you may run a furly porter through,

“ Nor fear the rope will give you cause to rue.”

And I all this impertinence must hear,

Because he boasts fix thousand pounds a year,

Because his father could the pelf advance,

To have his monkey led about through France.

Serpentine fickens at another’s health,

Advancing honour, or increasing wealth;

But merit’s image most offend his eyes,

Pléas’d only when a blemish he descries

From others hid; or, if ’twas known before,

How he exults to aggravate the score!

With what dire skill he points th’ envenom’d dart,

That pierces reputation to the heart!

How gives th’ expressive shrug, the blasting squint,

Or the slow poison of a doubtful hint.

The breath of pestilence around him blows;

Death and destruction follow where he goes.

But leaving flagrant vice, and all her train,
 Who rouse to rage, or fill with calm disdain,
 See ev'n where virtue seems her seal to place,
 What strange deformities its mark efface !

Amusus is so clever, and so kind,
 Of pleasing manners, and of taste refin'd,
 No foolish thing his mouth e'er utter'd yet,
 But all he says is mark'd with sense and wit.
 Still so much wisdom in his converse reigns,
 That, for his conduct, none at all remains :
 His life annuls the sense his lip declares,
 And folly driv'n from *this*, to *that* repairs.
 Seated at ease, and by the flowing bowl,
 How flow his spirits ! how expands his soul !
 He clasps your hand, and, with heart-speaking face,
 Hugs you in friendship's most intense embrace.
 What is the thing he will not do *for you*,
 He says — nay, what is more, intends it too —
 And will perform it, if within his pow'r, —
 Provided you can goad him every hour —

BUT

But let him for a week escape your fight,
 Th' impression's vanish'd from his bosom quite,
 Though trusted with whate'er you hold most dear,
 He has forgot it for some present care.

His mind's a stream which, pure and limpid, shews
 Each circumjacent object as it flows,
 But just as it receives, gives up the trace,
 Another now admitted in his place,
 Till, all the course of shifting scenery o'er,
 It meets the ocean, and reflects no more.

Read to Dulcello the affecting strain,
 Or soft romance——he's touch'd through every vein.
 The starting chrystal glistens in his eye,
 And from his deepest soul he heaves the sigh!
 Would you not think this tender man would press
 His utmost farthing to relieve distress?
 Oh! no; his soul, exhal'd in *sentiment*,
 Has nothing left on *action* to be spent.
 So fine his feelings, that he'd try, in vain,
 By *deeds material* to make them plain.

Next, see Rusticio view, with scornful eye,
 The man who drops a tear, or breathes a sigh.
 To the vain cant of *sentiment* unknown,
 He refts his character on *deeds* alone,
 And quakes through every limb, lest any know
 His bosom warms with love, or melts with woe,
 Or that dame nature rules his mighty mind,
 Just as the vulgar herd of human kind.
 He really loves his family and friends,
 Yet his affection serves all hatred's ends;
 While, with his kindness, such a juice he pours,
 That, ere the cup has reach'd the lip, it sours.
 Seeming to spurn, and yet afraid of, fame,
 He thinks that *rude* and *honest* are the same;
 And, while he seeks *hypocrisy* to fly,
 His life's one tiffue of *hypocrisy*.

Bamboozle, honest soul ! would fain be good ;
 Yet what it signified ne'er understood ;
 By public breath alone he lives, or dies,
 And, as opinion flutters, round he flies.

Though

Though rank and riches independence gave,
 His peace is subject to the meanest slave,
 Horror of horrors! should there one be found
 Who would his tender reputation wound!
 While he would take from censure every cause,
 He gives up all that can command applause!

Scriblerus, wrapt in fullen wisdom's cloak,
 Watches for some occasion to provoke.
 How plain foe'er the truth, he must dissent;
 His fame must stand instead of argument.
 He talks in aphorisms, and every sound
 Is mark'd with gravity the most profound.
 If others laugh—he will not deign a smile;—
 If they are serious—he grins the while.——
 On all around he darts derision's look:——
 This is not insolence—he wrote a book;——
 He wrote a book;—and every word he says
 Is swallow'd “with a foolish face of praise.”
 Silence prevails if he but void his phlegm,
 And all Apollo's heard in every hem,

Tickle can find, in nothing, joy or ease,
 But yet a thousand things a day will please.
 He flits from scheme to scheme, from view to view,
 And nothing old he likes, and nothing new.
 Fop, scholar, statesman, preacher, and buffoon,
 He's all, before the changing of the moon.
 Now plain of speech, now fond of pompous sound;
 Now in the clouds, now creeping on the ground;
 Now hating cover, more than wisely free;
 Now double-minded to the last degree;
 Now hermit-center'd in his peaceful cell,
 Now loving only with the croud to dwell;
 Now fanning with unlimited assent;
 Now contradicting without argument.
 So fine th' ideas of his subtle brains,
 That they the strainer pass when wit remains.
 So fond of stratagem and long detail,
 That he invents machines—to kill a snail.
 So cunning, that he overshoots the mark,
 While vulgar prudence hits it in the dark,

With

With penetration he's a very fool ;
 With circumspection oft is made a tool ;
 With application, nought at all effects ;
 With close attention, every thing neglects.

Say, by what name this creature shall we call,
 Antithesis, and contradiction all ?

Ineptus' funds of converse never fail,
 Himself the constant hero of the tale.
 He tells his wisdom, and his folly too ;
 That they are *his* — enough for him and you.
 He forms the studied repartee and pun,
 Then waits the time to fire his loaded gun,
 And palms it for *extempore* — with ease,
 For none e'er studied such *bon mots* as these.
 His clack eternal grates th' impatient ears,
 While nothing wise he says, and nothing hears ;
 Impertinent, vain, foolish, empty thing,
 Why will that bell of thine for ever ring ?
 When all it publishes, both far and near,
 Is " Shun a coxcomb if your peace be dear."

Cynicio

Cynicio, with a calm indifference, sees
 Rank's empty shew, and wealth's luxurious ease,
 Worth only strikes his philosophic eye,
 But, where, oh ! where, shall he that worth espy ?
 A hundred flaws each character displays,
 To check the rising ardour of his praise,
 With such infirmities on every side,
 How vain is vanity, how empty pride !
 Yet, in humility he seeks respect,
 And hunts for fame, assuming fame's neglect,
 He spurns th' ambition which he cannot fill,
 And tramples upon *pride* with *greater still*.

But, muse ! why thus pursue an endless race,
 While game still starting claims another chace ?
 Know, for each object of disgust you spy,
 A hundred others have escap'd your eye ;
 While you presume you've beat through all the field,
 Much more than you have started lies conceal'd.

Perhaps the church's sons, whose aim's t' inspire
 Each milder sentiment, each great desire,

Will move affliction and command esteem,
Adorning by their lives their Master's scheme.
Ah ! disappointment e'en awaits us here,
And baffles expectation with a sneer.

See Parson Marrowbone, so plump and sleek,
The claret painting his vermilion cheek.
What makes him now so fat, so lean before ?
He took his Lordship's bastard and his whore,
And when his patron yet requires a drudge,
Upon the dirty errand he must trudge.

See Sniv'ler, too, half hypocrite, half fool,
Whose genius hardly grasps a grammar-rule.
Yet scarce the church the pressing croud contains,
When he pours forth his soporific strains.
Though he expose religion, outrage sense,
And heav'n blaspheme by his impertinence ;
Yet, oh ! how sweet, how holy is the sound,
Till all the ravish'd audience snore around,
And, in their sacred slumbers, deem express'd
The perfect image of the heavenly rest.

Whence

Whence all the virtue of this nodding dose ?

Why, in the magic bagpipe of his nose !

To him quite opposite in head and heart
Is young and fashionable Doctor Smart,
Before a glass he forms his pulpit air,
And preaches to the witty, gay, and fair.
While with rich imagery each period glows,
Glides on the ear, and gains its rounded close,
The sparkling ring his snowy hand displays;
Adorns his action with its changing rays,
Well bred, he every polish'd hearer charms,
Nor with the terrors of the Lord alarms.
Mercy's the attribute he strives to paint ;
Heav'n must enchant, not hell affright the saint.
More read in Chesterfield than in the Bible,
He has his own, and let's each have his foible ;
And, prone pure nature's dictates to recall,
Quotes more from Seneca than from St. Paul.
Nay, sometimes starts deistic doubts, and sees
In Jesus Christ a second Socrates.

But,

But, since the best donation from above,
 The perfect law of freedom, light, and love,
 Is, or by folly or by vice defac'd,
 More by its friends than enemies disgrac'd;
 In the cool shade, perhaps, the peaceful grove
 Where mild philosophy delights to rove,
 Where musing science far from strife reclines,
 And attic genius forms his fair designs,
 The feeling heart, at last, may find a place
 To fix its foot, and end the weary chace.

Where does that true philosophy reside,
 Whose aim is truth, utility whose guide,
 Who, free from pride and sophistry's vile art,
 The mind enlarges to improve the heart,
 Corrects with gentleness, with love illumines,
 The more she has advanc'd the less presumes,
 And the straight paths of real science trod,
 From nature learns to rise to nature's God?
 Impiety clothes metaphysic wiles
 In wisdom's gravity, or goodness' smiles,

Pretends

Pretends t' enlarge the mind from error's reign,
Yet loads with prejudice's strongest chain.

Hence reason, hood-wink'd, and expell'd her throne,
Purveys for lawless appetite alone.

Religion, trampled, scarce dares lift her eyes
T' invoke the succour of the injur'd skies.

Hence love of singularity and praise

To deeds of blackest infamy betrays,

Damps man's best pleasures, aggravates his woes,

Tears up the roots on which all virtue grows,

Extinguishes his hopes, his comforts kills,

A deadly poison through his frame distils,

And bids despair invade an orphan world,

Rule fled, and order back to chaos hurl'd.

Pyrrho! these deeds of horror mark thy name,

Display thy genius, and enjoy thy fame.

But, leaving metaphysic's arid shore,

Let us to fancy's blooming regions soar,

Near the Pimpleian sisters tune the lay,

And taste the raptures which their strains convey.

How

How oft th' enchanting muse, by heav'n design'd,
 While she delighted, to instruct mankind,
 Is seen to walk in vice's fordid train,
 To raise the wanton, or the venal strain !
 How oft she fires the passions she should tame,
 Exalts the baseness she should brand with shame,
 Blackens the virtue which she should commend,
 Or strikes the innocence she should defend !
 Or if, revolving the historic page,
 We mark the colours of the varying age ;
 Crimes upon crimes in direful groups succeed,
 And in their train infernal horrors lead.
 Through carnage, now, they wade to mount a throne,
 Now shake the sceptre, and bid virtue groan ;
 Now raise a Cromwell to supreme controul ;
 Now give a Socrates th' empoison'd bowl ;
 Now doom a Jesus to th' accursed tree ;
 Now to a Nero bend the servile knee.
 Here the deluded mob, with joy, demand
 Their chains from some insidious tyrant's hand.

While

While the few wife, his terror and their scorn,
 In secret wonder, and in secret mourn.
 There, frantic with Alecto's rolling glare,
 They rend, with tumult's rout, th' afflicted air,
 And, while their fury for its victim cries,
 A Scipio's banish'd, or a Stafford dies.

For few the pictures history displays
 T' inspire delight, or animate to praise.
 As in the desert here and there is seen
 The lovely flow'r, or insulated green ;
 So for each Titus that commands surprise,
 A hundred Neros and Domitians rise.

What feeling heart, but, starting at the views
 Dressed and painted by th' indignant muse,
 First sheds o'er human misery a tear,
 Then spurns the baseness which it cannot bear ;
 Till, worn with spite, disdaining to bemoan,
 It wish itself were harden'd into stone.

THE
PAINS OF SENSIBILITY

RESULTING FROM THE
MORE INTIMATE AND TENDER
CONNECTIONS OF LIFE.

PART IV.

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THE ARGUMENT.

Sensibility should seek a retreat in the domestic relations

—But this is also vain—Friendship is either unsteady, or assumed as the mask of treachery—As little happiness to be expected from love—When unreturned, it is productive of the most exquisite anguish—Description of the tortures of disappointed love—Vows often broken, after flattering with success—The sorrows of marriage—Mutual disgust and indifference—Jealousy—The pangs of separation after years of unbroken friendship,—and of a filial separation by death—Parental distresses—The diseases and dangers of infancy—The anguish of two parents, on perceiving their son on the top of a precipice—The dangers of youth,—surrounded by bad example, and hurried into a course of profligacy—A promising son cut off in the flower of life—Representation of a family plunged in woe by such an event.

AN ESSAY ON SENSIBILITY.

YET, why should sensibility thus roam,
 When the safe precincts of a peaceful home
 Present the calmer, surer joys of life,
 The faithful friend, kind mistress, tender wife,
 T' invite him back, whose vagrant heart has stray'd
 From comfort's cordial, and repose's shade?

You talk of friendship—and, with fancy's eyes,
 Behold her, lovely daughter of the skies,
 With placid mien, with look serenely bright,
 With heart as pure and candid as the light,
 Firm, though affectionate, though gentle, just,
 True to her cause, and steady in her trust,
 Appear to succour man's afflicted state,
 And safely guide him through the storms of fate!

But shew me where the lovely image lives;
 Where sheds the blessings your description gives?

Or, if it breathes, shall stand the test of time,

Nor rise and perish like the vernal prime ?

No ; when Afræa left our guilty kind,

Her sister, friendship, would not stay behind !

Did never he, who talk'd in pompous phrase,

Of firm fidelity's transcendent praise,

Yet, put to trial, make it but too plain,

Some paltry pleasure, some ignoble gain,

Indulg'd to friendship in his lofty mind,

Only the place which it had first resign'd ?

Did never he, who swore eternal truth,

Which age should ripen as it bloom'd in youth,

Which should misfortune's fiercest frown defy,

And give to human fickleness the lie,

Did never such, when debt o'ercast your face,

Or calumny distain'd you with disgrace,

Prevent demands of succour by his flight,

And shun you as if death were in your sight ?

Did ne'er the youth to whom you breath'd your soul,

And deem'd him true as needle to the pole,

Start from your side, the bloody dagger wield,
 Destroy the character he swore to shield,
 With blackest perfidy his trust betray
 To an unfeeling world, as scandal's prey ?

What flames of indignation fire the breast !
 Each form, each name of kindness you detest,
 Behold a mask on every human face,
 Truth cover fraud, and honour cloak disgrace ;
 You feel a stern aversion to mankind,
 And only wish some lone retreat to find.

Your rage compos'd, for consolation fly
 To the soft glances of a female eye !
 You paint the form with fancy's richest glow,
 The loveliest object God has fram'd below ;
 The tender soul, the soul-enslaving air,
 Each grace, each dear enchantment of the fair.
 Where shall you, her, 'midst beauty's daughters, spy,
 To whom the perfect image may apply ?
 Lo ! she appears. Her more than imag'd charms
 Enflame your breast, and fill with soft alarms.

Oh ! could you but one fav'ring smile obtain,
 Not Cæsar's pow'r could recompense the gain ;
 Oh ! would th' enchantress own a mutual fire,
 You'd bless heav'n's bounty, and consent t' expire,
 Consent t' expire ; for it is fix'd and sure,
 Such joy's too great for mortal to endure !

But she, for whom you such devotion feel,
 Rejects your vows, and bears a heart of steel !
 Explore your breast, and say if racks compare
 With all the forms of torture dwelling there.

Now the slow flame with silent fever burns ;
 Now into fury disappointment turns ;
 Now hope dissolves in tenderness again,
 An next, despair's infernal horrors reign.
 No more its active springs the soul impel,
 The love of glory, and the wish t' excel,
 Wealth's prospects fade, ambition's laurels die,
 And study and pursuits neglected lie.
 Dress, presents, treats, the sinking treasure drain,
 While debt involves you in a second chain.

Once.

Once-lov'd companions can delight no more,
 Their irony exulcerates the fore;
 Black melancholy seeks the awful shade,
 The haunted church-yard, the sequester'd glade,
 The pendent rock, round which the torrent roars,
 The gloomy cave, the wave-indented shores,
 The evening's dusk, the moon's uncertain light,
 And all the still solemnity of night;
 Mean-while, no sense of dignity remains;
 Wit, wisdom, manliness, are led in chains.
 The flattering tongue, the sycophantic face,
 The timid heart refusing no disgrace,
 Th' obsequious simper, th' idiotic stare,
 And menial, meek officiousness declare;
 Degraded manhood quakes for beauty's rod,
 Hangs on her smile, and waits upon her nod.

Nor e'en does sleep, the wretched heart's relief,
 Compose the bosom, and suspend its grief;
 E'en there, the tyrant's image haunts the view,
 Each woe t' embitter, and each pang renew;

Distracted

Distracted fancy hurries to the steep,
As love's last cure, or plunges in the deep.

'Thus feels the wretch, on India's banks, the pains,
Th' empoison'd draught diffuses through his veins;
The raging fever ev'ry limb pervades,
He plunges in the stream, or seeks the shades;
Yet no relief or shade or stream supplies,
The torture follows wheresoe'er he flies.

Grant you obtain the sweetest joy, t' impart
A mutual ardour to the courted heart,
And hail the lustre of th' approaching day,
When yielding love submits to Hymen's sway;
Secure you wait, each anxious trouble past,
The certain bliss which fortune cannot blast.

But view *Eugenio's* image, and declare
If love with happiness could ever pair.
Long did *Eugenio* for *Maria* burn;
Eugenio's vows *Maria* long return.
At last, they hop'd to see the day come round
Which fix'd their union, and their wishes crown'd.

Eugenio

Eugenio, for a while, was forc'd away,
 Long was his pain, but short should be his stay.
 Vows of unshaken constancy they swore,
 Vows she repeated, nor remembered more.
Lucullus came, and told the am'rous tale,
 A few more hundreds turn'd the wavering scale.
 Vows, sighs, and tears — Eugenio — all forgot —
 She struck the bargain, and she tied the knot —
 Thou fond, confiding youth ! art left to share
 The bitterest pangs of anguish and despair ;
 Each dear illusion of th' enamour'd soul,
 Each joy, each hope extinguish'd at the goal,
 Sharpen thy sorrows, aggravate thy doom,
 And bid thee look for refuge in the tomb !

Thus, when the doubtful battle long has rag'd
 Between two hostile vessels close engag'd,
 Fixt victory, at last, decides the fight,
 And the struck ensign owns superior might.
 The thund'ring cannons end their wond'rous roar,
 The carnage ceases, and the combat's o'er ;

Keen

Keen shouts of triumph echo o'er the deep,
 While mournful silence the surrender'd keep,
 The prize secur'd, the captives fix'd in chains,
 Among the victors festive pleasure reigns.
 Sudden a shriek proclaims th' alarm of fire !
 With horror struck they see the flames aspire.
 Next moment views the dire explosion blend
 Victors and vanquish'd in one dreadful end.
 So by assur'd success oft love beguiles,
 And meditates destruction when he smiles.

Ah ! this no fancied, no unreal case ;
 Each day's experience works it in our face ;
 And all to whom the female heart is known,
 Wealth, power, and vanity, its springs must own,
 Must own the dismal truth ; yet, joy to see,
 Eliza ! some exceptions class'd with thee !
 “ Why should you, thus, so partially confine
 “ T' our sex the brand that equally marks thine ? ”
 Methinks the maid cries, from th' untimely grave,
 From which the perjur'd wretch disdain'd to save.

Distracting

Distracting voice ! which rends the feeling frame,
And which the archangel's trumpet shall proclaim !

Well ! now, suppose th' impatient lover blest,
And Cupid's troubles sunk in Hymen's rest,
Will ne'er the matrimonial fetters gall,
And raptures cloy, and pleasing bonds enthrall,
When fancy's scenes, and passion's lively strife,
Yield to the dull realities of life ?

For, like a wayward child, when love obtains
The object of his wishes, and his pains,
Disgusted he neglects it, or destroys,
And languishes anew for other toys.
Man, form'd for action, not for rest, below,
Finds every bliss in expectation blow.
Toy after toy his fond pursuit awakes,
And, when he grasps it, lo ! the bubble breaks.
High-tow'ring hopes by their fulfilment fall,
Cloy'd we exclaim, " Alas ! can this be all ?"
Curse our past folly, and would prove it cur'd,
By spurning that by which we were allur'd.

From

From one extreme we to another run ;
 When love becomes excessive, hate's begun.

Oft jealousy will also cloud the day,
 Constraining love to hold divided sway ;
 The feeblest fiend e'er Heav'n employ'd to scourge
 The heart which passion's wild excesses urge.
 She in one breast bids contraries engage,
 With warmth, indifference, tendernefs with rage ;
 Now cold, now burning fits usurp controul,
 And one incessant ague rack the soul.
 This hour, a miser, it is ne'er at rest,
 While aught may, by another, be posselt ;
 The next a prodigal, it squanders all,
 Nor thinks of saving for a future call ;
 Pursues the quiet which it can't endure,
 And to secure it, makes it insecure.
 A random word will glowing sparks impart
 To fire the fewel lurking in the heart.
 A glance-suspected favour will betray ;
 A smile bring infidelity to-day :

Thus

Thus the distracted wretch, all eyes and ears,
 Fears what he wishes, wishes what he fears,
 With fire the idol of his soul consumes,
 In quest of bliss, himself to torture dooms :
 For, bring together all the list of ills
 Which angry Heav'n on guilty man distils,
 Oppression, losses, poverty, disease,
 And all our own corruption adds to these,
 All Turkish despot's pow'r can realize,
 All torture-skill'd inquisitors devise,
 All keen imagination's eye can see ;
 All these are nothing, jealousy ! to thee.

Yet, grant your bliss as perfect as you will,
 Bright as the noon, or as the evening still,
 The storm will come which sweeps with equal rage,
 Contentment's cottage, and ambition's stage ;
 And proves, the joy that reaches not the skies,
 Blooms but to wither, and, in springing, dies.

Or dire disaster levels with the sand
 The fortune rais'd by labour's honest hand ;

Or

Or pale disease the sinking frame annoys,
 And every spring of chearfulness destroys;
 Or melancholy's clouds deform the day,
 And snatch the sunshine of the soul away;
 Or separation breaks, at last, the chain
 Which faithful absence would preserve in vain,

A few short years of sweetest union flown,
 Neglected all that wealth and splendor own,
 The only pray'r, "Oh! may our portion last,
 "While Heav'n deals out the future as the past."

Fate's mandate reprobates the fond request,
 A station fix'd beyond the wat'ry waste.
 'Tis done! affection's pleasing dreams are o'er,
 Dropt is her curtain, and her scenes no more.
 Ye flow'ry meadows! ye sequester'd glades!
 Meand'ring streams, and soul-exalting shades!

Where we were wont to waste the happy day,
 While friendship still had something new to say.
 Blest scenes! whose image ne'er shall quit my view,
 Receive a long, perhaps a last, adieu!

The

The hour arrives : your tongue in stupor bound ;
 Denies the office of a parting found.
 The fatal moment comes : you take your way,
 But oft return, suggesting some delay ;
 And when, at last, they hoist the swelling sails,
 Your soul in silence execrates the gales.
 With lingering look, with undiverted eye,
 You still retain the shore from which you fly,
 But when its view still more and more decays,
 And the wav'd handkerchief escapes your gaze,
 You sink in all the lethargy of grief,
 Till floods of gushing tears afford relief.
 But then remorse, with self-tormenting pow'r,
 Recalls each angry word, each peevish hour,
 Each cold reply to love profusely shewn,
 Repuls'd when ardent, and, till lost, unknown.
 " Not e'en a just farewell declar'd I mourn'd
 " The loss of friendship which I ne'er return'd.
 " Shift, shift, ye breezes ! drive me back to shore,
 " To the dear objects of my soul restore,

“ Then shall I pour the overflowing tide,

“ And tell the feelings which are now my pride.”

Ah me! now landed on a foreign strand,
 New manners lead you, and new laws command.
 Those darling objects which the fancy charm'd,
 And oft the youthful muse to rapture warm'd,
 Oppos'd by others of contrasting hue,
 Are robb'd of all the honour once their due,
 And what we fairest, best, or dearest call,
 Must, or by ridicule, or censure, fall.
 Yet, for a length of years, th' impression lasts,
 Invades each pleasure, and each comfort blasts;
 Nay, scenes of joy, that image former bliss,
 Oft plunge the pensive soul in deep distress,
 Recall the friends who such no more partake,
 And every tender recollection wake.
 When all around indulge the jovial tide,
 When glee and laughter burst on every side,
 The tender gush shall start into the eye,
 And shame in vain repress the rising sigh;

E'en

E'en when time's pow'r to fate's decree inures,
 He gives as great an evil as he cures,
 His hand wears some impressions every day;
 Another and another fades away;
 Till blank indifference in the bosom reign,
 Alike untouch'd by pleasure and by pain.
 So when with fierce disease the frame is torn,
 Too deep for cure, too dreadful to be born,
 The opiate for awhile the trial ends;
 But, all sensation with the smart suspends.

Yet, one attachment—that to native clime,
 The generous bosom yields not e'en to time;
 With unabating constancy it glows,
 With absence strengthens, and with distance grows,
 While hope, the faithful partner of the soul,
 Still pushing forward to the distant goal,
 Bears up dejection, soothes fatigue and pain,
 And helps to drag through years the length'ning chain,
 While she diffuses round a cheering ray
 That seems to brighten to a coming day,

And gradually disclose th' expected shore
On which we absents clasp, and part with them no more.

No more to part ! deluded child of woe,
Death says, extends his arms, and strikes the blow,
And cuts the tie that held the soul so long,
Sooth'd each misfortune, and redress'd each wrong.
E'en hope herself now from the bosom flies,
Left to blank sadness, and incessant sighs.
But what avails e'en ages to deplore ;
Can groans, can sighs, th' extinguish'd breath restore ?
Dry, then, thy tears, and, yielding to despair,
Confess no earthly object worth thy care,
And wait, with callous patience, for the day
That knocks thy fetters, and unbars thy way !

And, oh ! what pangs the parent's soul await,
Sprung from corruption, or decreed by fate.
For ye who boast parental joys are pure,
In nature founded, and, like her, endure.
Tell me, have you forgot th' unnumber'd cares,
Th' unceasing terrors which the parent shares,

The anxious day, the unreposing night,
 And, with *affection*, *reason's* constant fight,
 When *that* petitions what *this* must deny,
 And duty's still attended with a sigh?
 And have you, too, forgot disease's band
 Which round the helpless infant's cradle stand
 To nip the bud of life before it blow,
 And change joy's radiance into clouds of woe?
 And have you, too, forgot th' insidious foes
 Which heedless childhood, and warm youth inclose,
 When keen desire impels, illusion plays,
 Hope leads along, and perfidy betrays,
 And virtue's guise the fiends of vice employ,
 While anguish lurks beneath the flow'rs of joy?

When to his western goal the sun declines,
 And o'er the plains with temper'd lustre shines,
 Cool, placid even invites the happy pair
 T' enjoy the walk and breathe a freshen'd air,
 Along the rill, sweet tinkling as it flows,
 While on its verdant banks the herds repose,

And ofiers, yellow'd with the setting gleam,
 O'erhang, and give their image to the stream,
 They take their way, but, lo ! on t'other side
 An awful precipice o'erbends the tide,
 Upon whose pinnacle they spy the boy,
 Their sole solicitude, their mutual joy.
 Pale grows the mother's cheek, her senses swim,
 A sudden tremor seizes every limb.
 She sinks ; her partner no relief supplies,
 While every effort stupefaction ties,
 And horror's blackest forms before him roll,
 And worse than pangs of death o'erwhelm his soul !

And if thy child, dear object of thy care,
 Thy daily vigilance, thy ev'ning pray'r,
 Whose dawning merits speak a future day
 Which shall thy wishes crown, thy labours pay,
 While the kind heart, illum'd by genius' flame,
 Prefages deathless honour to thy name ;
 Yet unexperienc'd in the hidden snares
 Which fraud for unsuspecting truth prepares,

First led by sweet society astray,
 Enters, still trembling, on the mazy way,
 Starts when he sees th' alluring demon's shade,
 But learns by habit to grow less afraid,
 Finds shame betray her posts, and basely yield,
 As vice's cover, virtue's strongest shield,
 Sees black deformity become a grace,
 And hugs the fiend, at last, in his embrace,
 Till in her giddy labyrinth involv'd,
 Each duty trampled, and each tie dissolv'd,
 He breaks the awful sanctions of the land,
 And justice hold him with relentless hand,
 While neither penitence nor favour save,
 Thy gray hairs sink with sorrow to the grave.
 Or if he virtue's glorious path pursues,
 (The fairest prospect that a parent views)
 Adorn'd with all the graces of the mind,
 With blooming talents, and a bosom kind,
 With all that constitutes applause's theme,
 Attracts affection, and commands esteem,

With all that forms, contemplating the boy,
 A father's glory, and a mother's joy;
 But when each eye expects the kindling ray
 Will reach the splendor of meridian day,
 Disease's growing clouds invade the light,
 Till death involve it in eternal night.
 Ah! can a parent's bosom undergo
 Such cruel pangs, such complicated woe?
 Fled each delight, each solace of his age,
 What shall the anguish of his soul assuage?

Palsey'd with grief, he eyes the lifeless clay,
 So late his pride, and now the reptile's prey;
 He tries his inward sorrow to repress,
 Left he should swell the torrent of distress;
 In vain, oh! wretched parent! you conceal
 The struggling woe these ghastly looks reveal,
 A mother pours the plaints of wild despair,
 And sisters beat their breasts, and tear their hair.
 The tender maid, who view'd him as her own,
 Retires to vent, in solitude, her moan!

Those

Those walls where gay content so late was found,
Are hung with horror, and with shrieks resound!

Ah me! the thought bids all my sorrows rise,
And brings the gush again into my eyes.

All I have lost, and ever must deplore,

Till death shall what he snatch'd away restore,

Invades my soul, and opens every vein,

And gives the ebbing tide to flow again.

See the dear image to my view appears,

Presents his form, and points to happier years;

His form, where all that virtue calls her own,

With the mild lustre of the morning shone;

To years where all affection can bestow,

Shed o'er each object its delightful glow,

Illum'd the darkness of the mournful hour,

And gave to pleasure more than half her pow'r.

All these I lost when that distracting day

Tore from my soul her better half away,

And fix'd the subject of my plaintive strains,

The best of brothers, long as life remains.

That

That trickling tear, that deep-protracted sigh,
 Drawn from the bottom where thy sorrows lie,
 Implore me to desist to touch the string
 On which such accents of distraction ring.

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

THE
NATURE AND CONSEQUENCES
OF
A P A T H Y.

PART V.

NATURE AND CONSEQUENCES

A P A T H Y

P A R T V

THE A. R. C. M. N. T.

THE ARGUMENT.

Address to the miserable who hug themselves on the view of the scenes already exhibited — Yet happiness cannot belong to them—Nothing good or excellent in human life without some mixture of pain and labour —These conditions, therefore, are also annexed to the joys of sensibility — Allegorical description of apathy—The Author of our frame hath given us passions, as well as reason to moderate them—Without them, no virtue in our present state—This exemplified—They are likewise the source of genius in its different walks—After all, no refuge in apathy against the common calamities of life—These the insensible must feel as well as others—without the consolations which others enjoy—The character of Calloso—An examination of its depravity and unhappiness.

AN ESSAY ON SENSIBILITY.

YE callous souls! now boast a conquering cause,
 And claim, at reason's bar, the just applause.
 While varied anguish tears the tender breast,
 Or rous'd to anger, or with grief oppress'd,
 As mis'ry's forms its sympathy engage,
 Or vice and folly mark a downward age;
 You, 'midst the shifting colours life assumes,
 As sorrow blackens, or as joy illumines,
 Calm and unruffled wear your thread away
 As undecided as th' autumnal day,
 When neither Phœbus pours the ray serene,
 Nor storms involve, in pitchy clouds, the scene.
 Still as the pond which overshadowing trees
 Guard from the influence of the fanning breeze,
 Still as the pond no fresh'ning streams renew,
 But just as stagnant, black, and muddy too.

Possess

Possess your ease ; but joy was never theirs
 Whose souls ne'er mount above the solid cares
 Of selfish thought — but grovel in the dust
 Of abject int'rest, or of brutal lust.
 For the supreme decree shall ever stand,
 That pain and pleasure should go hand in hand ;
 That, justly balanc'd with concordant strife,
 They might maintain the active springs of life ;
 For all enjoyment's valued by its cost,
 And obstacles alone give right to boast.
 From sickness, health ; from chains, we freedom prize ;
 Concord from tumult, candour from disguise.
 The lovely radiance of returning light
 Springs from the darkness of damp-shedding night.
 The lovely rose, fair rival of the morn,
 Unfolds its od'rous beauties from the thorn.
 The golden ore, deep sunk beneath the soil,
 Is only gathered by relentless toil.
 Shall he who seeks to tame the fiery steed,
 Engage the course, and bear the palm of speed,

Hard

Hard abstinence and discipline endure,
 And, but by suffering, make his conquest sure?
 Shall he who aims to pile the golden heap,
 Pass, undismay'd, the danger-teeming deep,
 Bear each extremity of clime; now glow
 In Indian suns, now freeze in Zemblian snow;
 And shall the joys that raise us to the sky
 Be deem'd unworthy of a pang or sigh?

Upon that clime where frost's eternal chain,
 Holds th' iron earth, and adamantine main,
 And waste and winter ceaseless vigils keep,
 While nature's pow'r is lock'd in endless sleep;
 A rocky hill its glistening summit rears,
 Incrusted with the snows of thousand years;
 Here, on the midway steep, a cavern yawns,
 Upon whose gloom no morning ever dawns,
 Whose winding sides the howling blasts assault,
 While icicles depend from all the vault.
 This seat has heav'n to *apathy* assign'd;
 The sluggish monster, on the rock reclin'd,

Scarce knows to move. Along her rigid veins
 Life's current a laborious passage gains.
 Sensation struggles through her nerves to rise,
 And, at the head arriving, gasps and dies.
 No spark of passion can her breast conceive,
 With rage to kindle, or with grief to heave.
 In torpor fix'd, her eyes forget to roll,
 And mark the petrefaction of her soul.
 Her motive faculty alone revives,
 When within Cancer's bound the sun arrives,
 Draws from the snowy heap the trickling rill,
 And slowly makes the isicle distil ;
 Then, as if thaw'd, she takes her tardy way,
 T' extend o'er human hearts her torpid sway.
 Those sluggish bosoms, in which never rise
 The precious seeds that nature's hand supplies ;
 The seeds, from which each soft affection grows,
 Each generous passion, each result of those ;
 The tender bands which clinging round the soul,
 Hold it in strong, though lenient, controul ;

The glorious ardour which the heart inspires,
 When public good impels, and honour fires;
 These callous souls she seizes as her own,
 And, like Medusa's head, transforms to stone.

When the Creator mix'd with earthly clay,
 Th' æthereal spirits from the realms of day,
 And shew'd his power miraculous to suit
 The soaring angel with the grovelling brute,
 He kindled passions to impel the clod,
 Which else had fetter'd to the earth the God.
 But, lest their rapid whirl should bear away
 Th' ungovern'd mind, establish'd reason's sway;
 And tempering, with skill divine, the whole,
 Gave spirit matter, and gave matter soul.

As from affections all our vices flow,
 So from them, every virtue here below.
 They give the spring, they constitute the good
 Or ill to be avoided or pursued, ¹²

¹² Happiness consists in the due gratification of our natural desires
 —misery in the want of it, and in the suffering of bodily pain.

And all that Heav'n by reason's pow'r intends,

Is to direct them to their proper ends.

These ends she first discovers, then adjusts

Their motions, and restrains their lawless gusts.

If, rul'd by her, they breathe an equal gale,

On life's expanse with easy course we sail ;

But if, with sudden, rushing squalls, they sweep,

Th' unbalanc'd bark is buried in the deep.

Say, what is temp'rance ? but the pow'r to fight

And subjugate insuagent appetite.

What justice ? but the faculty to rein

Ambition, envy, anger, love of gain.

What prudence ? but the happy care to look

Ere blind expectance take the baited hook.

What courage ? but a parley held with fear,

Till evil it repel, or learn to bear.

What piety ? but gratitude and love

Exalted to Perfection's Source above.

What patriotism ? but selfishness subdu'd,

And turn'd to wish and work a country's good.

What

What every virtue ? but the pow'r that bends
 The noblest passions to the noblest ends :
 That keen, that constant sense of right and wrong,
 Which guards the foul temptation's snares among,
 Keeps firm attach'd to duty's lovely form,
 And bids defiance to each threat'ning storm.

As from the passions every virtue springs,
 So genius, from the passions, imps his wings.
 They prompt his fancy, his designs excite,
 Enflame his efforts, and exalt his flight.

Hence, when the poet's finely-temper'd soul
 Pervades, with rapid glance, this mighty whole ;
 Heav'n, earth, and sea are travers'd by his eyes,
 And wide creation open to him lies ;
 Keen sensibility his bosom warms,
 While nature strikes him with ten thousand charms,
 Ravish'd he culls amidst th' unnumber'd throng,
 And gives the lovely image to his song.

Or when he bids the tear of pity flow,
 And melts the soul to tenderness of woe ;

The soft emotion first subdues his heart,
 He feels what he to others would impart.
 Or when he tunes to higher strains his song,
 To yield to worth the praises that belong;
 To merit's most exalted height he springs,
 And is himself the hero whom he sings.
 Wrest from sweet poesy the fruitful field
 Which the wide bound of human passions yield,
 How sinks her influence, how her beauty fades,
 How dies the laurel which her temples shades !

When, too, the sage, with curious eye, explores
 Nature's recesses, and unlocks her stores,
 By reason's taper marks each slender trace,
 And joys t' arrive, at last, at truth's embrace,
 Would ne'er the rugged road of science tire,
 If ardent thirst of knowledge aid not fire,
 If lively fancy did not feed the ray
 That guides his footsteps through th' uncertain way ?

Or when the orator commands the throng,
 Or sees grave senates hang upon his tongue,

Powerful

Powerful the waves of public strife to still,
 To bend rule-hating tumult to his will,
 Discordant hearts in union's chain to bind,
 And give a multitude one mighty mind ;
 What this enchantment ? but the pow'r to feel,
 And rouse the passion of a public weal.

What to th' historian's page gives such delight
 But human passions in perpetual fight,
 In varying shapes advancing on the stage,
 And shedding their complection o'er the age,
 Which the acute narrator's pencil hits,
 And to his faithful monument commits ?

No more the breathing flute or sounding lyre
 Will melt to pity, or with warmth inspire ;
 No more the marble speak, or canvas glow,
 Or various art display her mimic show,
 Or youth or beauty all those charms unfold
 Which give to human life its softest mould ;
 From nature's visage every grace retires,
 If, sensibility ! thy pow'r expires.

As the soul's sceptre, reason, then must sway,
 So passions must attend her and obey;
 And if they fall oppress'd around her throne,
 She reigns — but, without subjects, reigns alone.
 Her torpid rule no enterprize renowns,
 No culture graces, and no glory crowns.
 In sad, though undisputed, empire plac'd,
 She holds dominion o'er the dreary waste,
 Where, as no noxious weed has pow'r to shoot,
 So the poor soil denies each flow'r and fruit.

Cease, then, ye stoics! foes of taste and joy,
 God's perfect work correcting, to destroy;
 Cease every seed of evil to suppress
 Along with genius, virtue, happiness.
 Yet can't your boasted apathy ensure
 Against misfortune, or supply its cure.
 Say, will she drive the fever from your veins,
 Or sooth the gout's or gravel's cruel pains?
 Say, will she snatch from poverty her rod,
 Produce the stores of riches by her nod;

Throw

Throw o'er your shivering limbs the genial ply,
 Or still voracious hunger's piercing cry?
 Will death be frighten'd at her gorgon shield,
 His weapon drop, and destin'd victim yield?

Equal with others you these ills await,
 And when they seize, how dismal is your fate!
 No kind assistance proffers you relief,
 No dear connection mitigates your grief,
 No look of pity pours its soothing balm,
 No words of comfort your convulsions calm,
 No fond attention smooths the bed of death,
 And stills the struggles of the parting breath;
 But all is fullen gloom and selfish care,
 And horrid solitude, and black despair.
 You mourn unpitied, you petition scorn'd,
 Unaided struggle, and expire unmourn'd.

If my song's maxims still you doubtful call,
 Calloso's case will verify them all.

Behold the creature whose contracted soul
 Owns, through each fibre, apathy's controul,

Hard

Hard as the rocks Norwegian billows brave,
 And cold and quiet as the mould'ring grave.
 No fogs incumbent make his spirits fail,
 No chearful sunshine bids them mount the scale.
 Alike estrang'd from frolic and from spleen,
 He holds his way unbaffled by chagrin.
 He knows no sudden, no eccentric will,
 Exact as is the ass that turns the mill.
 When twice four strokes upon the bell resound,
 His foot, from bed descending, meets the ground,
 And each succeeding hour as fate unchang'd,
 Meals, business, dress, and recreation's rang'd.
 Through all his house th' exactest order reigns;
 One nail his hat, one nook his cane retains.
 If on the carpet he an atom spy,
 'Tis there no longer than it meets his eye;
 He snuffs his taper equally by rule,
 As he puts on his wig or goes to stool.
 Frugal, he never yet his income spent,
 And finds each year his capital augment.

Just

Just, he ne'er fails his contract to fulfil,
 And duly pays each tradesman's lawful bill.
 Chaste, he ne'er nourish'd love's unhallow'd fire,
 Or felt the stings of petulant desire.
 Faithful, he reimburses what is lent;
 And, prudent, lends not but for *five per cent.*
 But if the shivering poor implore for bread,
 He kindly wishes they were cloath'd and fed.
 If he should lose his brother or his son,
 "*'Tis Heav'n's wise will, and let its will be done.*"
 If by the sword his country's armies fall,
 He sips his coffee — and forgets it all !

Thus cas'd in steel impregnable, he goes
 Along life's path, nor heeds affliction's blows,
 Which as the hail on rattling roofs resounds,
 Recoil offenceless, and impress no wounds.
 Neither the shaft that wings by night its way,
 Nor plague emitted from the scorching ray,
 Nor war, nor death, nor elemental strife,
 If he is safe, can discompose his life.

But,

But, is he blest? and would you wish to be,
 Though Heav'n should grant it, such a thing as he?
 Into whose vapid, torpor-breathing cup,
 Ne'er pleasure's hand infus'd one sparkling drop;
 While she avoids his presence with affright,
 Left all her limbs should stiffen at the sight,

Did e'er the tender tale the nurse relates,
 Of virtue struggling with opposing fates,
 Oppression's rod, fraud's complicated wiles,
 And love's caprice, and treason's deathful smiles;
 Did such e'er hold his soul in sweet suspense,
 And charm with sympathy's exalting sense?

Did e'er, when Phœbus sheds a kindlier ray,
 While infant nature hails his vernal sway,
 New life pervades the air, the earth, the wave,
 And vegetation springs from winter's grave,
 Love and formation all their tribes employ,
 Each object beauty, each sensation joy;
 Did e'er his heart the heav'nly influence know,
 Expand with nature, and with nature glow?

Did

Did e'er, Euphrosyne, thy bright'ning pow'r
 Dart through his bosom in the social hour,
 When Comus, Jest, and Bacchus, in thy train,
 Provoke the laugh, or raise the jocund strain,
 When e'en her mask dissimulation tears,
 Reposing jealousy discards her fears,
 Her arts ambition, enmity her broils,
 Unbending industry her cares and toils;
 When candid truth, and faith, untainted pair,
 And the heart dictates what the lips declare,
 When rushing forward soul embraces soul,
 And blesses concord filling up the bowl?

No; if he laughs, or helps about the joke,
 He only bears his share of duty's yoke;
 Since he is merry for the self-same cause
 For which he goes to church, or keeps the laws.

Did e'er he, flying o'er the parting space,
 Rush to a friend's long unenjoy'd embrace,
 E'er feel, with th' overflowing tide oppress'd,
 Joy's rapid waves succeeding in his breast,

While

While tears alone can force th' obstructed way,
And silence tells how much we have to say.

Did e'er a friend's success ensur'd at last,
Defended fame, or threat'ning peril past,
A quicker current to his veins supply,
Glow in his cheek, or sparkle in his eye?

Did e'er destruction hanging o'er the land,
But yet averted by the hero's hand,
Which quash'd the foe, and made the world proclaim
His own and country's everlasting fame,
Exalt his soul to raptures unexpress'd,
A nation's triumphs center'd in his breast?

Did e'er the kind intent, or generous deed,
His mind with blissful recollection feed,
Dispel the pensive hour's incumbent gloom,
And shed a ray serene upon the tomb?

Did e'er he, mounting on devotion's wing,
Leave earth behind, and reach perfection's spring,
Refresh his soul with streams that ever shine
With all the radiance of the throne divine.

And

And joy in admiration's noblest height,
 And gratitude o'erflowing with delight,
 And resignation's undisturb'd repose,
 And all the raptures heav'nly love bestows;
 No; these delights, anticipating heav'n,
 Were, to thy soul, Calloso! never giv'n.

And when disease invades thy tottering frame,
 Consumption's languor, or the fever's flame,
 No faithful friends, by soft attachment led,
 With care obsequious shall attend thy bed,
 Present the cordial, sooth the painful hour,
 Aid, with affection's, physic's failing pow'r,
 Suspend the blow which cuts the spirit's strings,
 And mitigate the terrors which it brings.

When nature's universal debt is paid,
 No tender plaint shall sooth thy fullen shade,
 No succour'd poor attend thy funeral way,
 To bless thy natal, weep thy dying day.
 Thy praise, thy virtues, to the world unknown,
 Shall but disgrace the prostituted stone,

Which

Which might have mark'd the friend of human kind,
 And prov'd the transcript of each grateful mind.
 Thus thou in splendid infamy shall rot,
 Despis'd when living, and when dead forgot !

To make the blind forget the loss of day,
 The lame that he requires the crutches' stay,
 The widow load her carol with his fame,
 The sav'd from death for ever bless his name ;
 To feed the hungry, clothe the shivering poor,
 To ope the houseless a protecting door,
 To snatch the feeble from th' oppressor's jaw,
 To force th' injurious to submit to law,
 To pour the light of knowledge on the soul,
 Direct its course, and spur to virtue's goal,
 To spread the reign of happiness on earth,
 And bear each feature of celestial birth ;
 These joys, no flashy raptures of a day,
 Which fortune neither gives nor takes away,
 Use cannot flatten, nor remorse o'ertake,
 Nor e'en the grisly monarch's terrors shake ;

These

These, these are joys we justly call divine,
And these, O man of sympathy ! are thine.

END OF THE FIFTH PART.

L

THE
CAUSES AND REMEDIES
OF THE
PAINS OF SENSIBILITY.

PART VI.

THE
CAUSES AND REMEDIES
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PART
VI

L 2

THE ARGUMENT.

With respect to sensibility, men apt, as in most other things, to run into extremes—This ought to be guarded against—Examples of vice resulting from the excess of virtue—Sensibility, under the guidance of reason, will never lead to unhappiness—Our own tempers ought, therefore, to be examined, our ruling passion discovered, and restrained within proper bounds—The tempers of others also to be studied—Disgusts often contracted from groundless causes—Hasty and ill-judged affection the source of much folly and uneasiness—Hence, great discernment necessary in judging of others—Our own foibles to be kept constantly in view—These cautions peculiarly necessary for those who are most prone to friendship and love—The true nature of these affections unfolded—Much misery results from taking their appearances for reality—Those who marry from views of interest, have no title to complain of the pains of sensibility—Our complaints, in this respect, greatly owing to our not attending to

the unavoidable condition of man in his present state—This mixed scene necessary to prove both virtue and vice—Those, who complain most of the triumphs of the wicked, would not prefer their condition to their own—Their lot, therefore, no object of envy—Natural evil unavoidable in such a constitution as ours—After all, virtue and vice still have, in some measure, their deserts—Men's judgements often partial in assigning these characters—The most profligate often used as instruments to scourge a wicked age; and, frequently, cut off, at last, after they have served this purpose—We ought also to indulge the contemplation of the virtuous characters which experience presents to our view—The characters of Aristus—of Philanthropus—of Howard—Virtue placed near, and upon, the throne—We cannot always enjoy the friendship of God, if we deserve it, and be united, in mind, with all the good scattered over the world—The view of a future state remedies every inequality—

Conclusion.

AN ESSAY ON SENSIBILITY.

DESIRE not, then, from apathy relief;
 For there's a luxury in tender grief,
 Which, in itself, its consolation finds,
 And fooths, while it depreffes, generous minds.

Beware to do as fools have ever done,
 From one extreme who to another run.

No; let thy foul, thrown down the fullen fence,
 With freedom open to each finer fenfe,
 With kindnefs glow, with fair ambition burn,
 With pity melt, with indignation fburn.

But let each paffion, to its bounds confin'd,
 Preferve the equal balance of thy mind,
 Preferve its balance, its repofe ensure,
 Give its joys relifh, and its forrows cure;
 For nature's tendencies have one refort,
 And fteer one courfe, and happinefs the port.

But we, abandoning her just design,
 Stretch some one's run beyond th' appointed line,
 Then boldly varnish with a specious name
 Th' illicit ardour and the selfish aim ;
 And, when beneath chastisement's scourge we groan,
 Blame nature for the fault which is our own.

For each, in self-love's sphere concenter'd still,
 Deems others round him must their course fulfil,
 Blame as he blames, admire as he admires,
 And own each passion which his bosom fires.
 When, from this orbit, any turn aside,
 He feels the shock through all the nerves of pride,
 Cries, wild confusion's through the system hurl'd,
 And chaos hastes to decompound the world.
 While baffled vanity is doom'd to pine,
 Oh, sensibility ! what pangs are thine !
 Presumptuous mortals deem they're all thy own,
 Because they feel — though for themselves alone !

When vice, at first, the human breast assail'd,
 She found that force would never have prevail'd,

But,

But, still resolv'd on virtue's overthrow,
 She held a parley with her powerful foe,
 Amus'd, by artful stratagems, her sight,
 And snatch'd her robe resplendent as the light.
 With this invested, now, she takes her way,
 Subdues the willing nations to her sway,
 Fixes establish'd empire o'er the heart,
 And, what by pow'r she could not, gets by art.

Thus, superstition, or enthusiast rage,
 Or vile hypocrisy, in every age,
 Have stept abroad in fair religion's guise,
 Religion, loveliest daughter of the skies,
 A captive slave, by prostitution base,
 Has serv'd the monarch of th' infernal race.
 The miser makes œconomy his blind ;
 The prodigal pretends a generous mind ;
 The timid's prudent, the revengeful just,
 And humble is the man that licks the dust.
 Thus sensibility his breast obtains,
 Who knows no balance, and no passion reins.

The

The false opinion self-love has begot,
 Is to maturity by reading brought.
 For while we're hurried by the rapid gale
 Of Eloisa's, or of Werter's tale,
 Who would not feel the sentimental pow'r?
 That is—indulge the passion of an hour.
 If that be love—seduce thy neighbour's wife—
 If honour—honourably take his life—
 If fame—demolish his to build thy own—
 If proud ambition—seek, through blood, a throne.

E'en when this passion in its spring is fair,
 To know and keep its bounds demands our care,
 For every virtue, when indulg'd too much,
 Becomes a vice, and should be check'd as such.
 Thus when just indignation's ardours rise,
 Boil in the veins, and lighten in the eyes,
 Upon the rapid gust of anger borne,
 We push to low revenge the generous scorn,
 Exaggerate the crime, oppress the foe,
 And act the baseness against which we glow.

Thus

Thus rushing headlong where compassion cries,
 We grant to anguish merit's brilliant prize,
 Free vice, perhaps, from just correction's hand,
 Or waft o'er virtue to temptation's strand ;
 The body succour'd, but destroy'd the mind,
 We prove injurious when we could be kind.
 One deep in debt grows indigence's trust,
 And is most generous before he's just.
 Another thinks one kindness not too high,
 Though with a hundred injuries he buy.
This, for a friend, subverts the public weal,
That, flaming with fierce, patriotic zeal,
 Neglects a father's, friend's, or brother's ties,
 Passes the duty just before his eyes,
 And giving scope to his capacious soul,
 O'erlooks the parts, while he surveys the whole.

Thus e'en from virtue men may vicious be,
 And, sensibility, all springs from thee ;
 No, not from thee, but from our want of sense,
 Which sends thee out, and gives thee no defence,

Whence,

Whence, yielding to the first assailing foe,
 Thou'rt fix'd in fetters, and consign'd to woe.
 But if thy feet informing reason guide,
 And sage experience ne'er forsake thy side,
 The tender heart which thy dominion sways,
 Will walk in pleasure's as in virtue's ways.

Know, then, thyself, O youth! thy temper know,
 Explore thy objects, and detect the show
 Thy master-passion oft assumes to hide
 Its little workings, and indulge thy pride,
 And, having deeply prob'd the selfish sore,
 Complain of sensibility no more.

Nor do our tempers *only* ask our care,
 Those, too, of others must attention share.
 These known, will save the bosom many a throe,
 Produc'd by groundless indignation's glow;
 And many a flash of visionary joy,
 Struck from those qualities which soon must cloy,
 When we, recovering from th' enchantment, find
 They're but the trappings of an empty mind.

How

How oft the word that struck us to the heart,
 As envy's poniard, or as satire's dart,
 Was but a shaft, which, free and debonair,
 Mirth shot at random through the vagrant air;
 Or, if 'twas level'd, only was in sport,
 Design'd to startle us, but not to hurt.
 Yet from such fancied wounds the bosom bleeds,
 Broods o'er its wrongs, and groundless anguish feeds,
 Till settled rancour intercourse confound,
 Point every look, and sharpen every sound.

How oft an air, a tone, a glance, offend,
 And give a prejudice no time shall end!
 How oft we trample whom we ought to raise,
 Or mark with censure that which merits praise!
 As our aversion, our affection too,
 Is oft excessive, fickle, and undue.
 Sudden it springs, and, like Nilean flies,
 Is born i' th' morn, and in the ev'ning dies;
 Corrupted, it emits the fumes of strife,
 Which taint the air, and wound the springs of life.

Some

Some rapid gusts of admiration rise,
 And puff the fondled object to the skies,
 In lowly guise we to the idol bow,
 Present the incense, and address the vow,
 Require of all around the rite divine,
 And doom to vengeance if they will not join,
 Expecting some return for homage paid,
 We glow, with ruthless spite, if none is made,
 Strip the deck'd image of its gay attire,
 Pull from its base, and trample in the mire,
 While the proportion of past worship grows,
 That of th' indignity we now impose!

Thus when infernal superstition's pow'r,
 Struck with the terror of th' ill-omen'd hour,
 Those who had slain whole hecatombs, or giv'n
 The human victim to the wrath of heav'n,
 If the deaf Power repell'd the fruitless pray'r,
 And gave the scatter'd incense to the air,
 Raging with disappointment, snatch'd the rod,
 O'erthrew the image, and chastis'd the god.¹²

¹² Many instances of this occur in ancient history.

Thou,

Thou, then, who wouldst from every pang be free,
 Of ill-plac'd love, or groundless enmity,
 Cast round thine eyes, and cautiously survey!
 Each moral feature characters display;
 Exert thy skill, employ thy nicest care,
 To know what passions every bosom share,
 What habits there they plant, what aims pursue,
 What objects most attract the mental view;
 What springs the life, what thoughts the tongue controul,
 All th' exact complection of the soul.
 Thus shalt thou love, detest, condemn, admire,
 By reason's light, not fancy's wandering fire;
 And thus, conforming to the truth of things,
 Enjoy the peace and harmony it brings;
 Reflecting, too, yourself mistake and fail,
 Allow that others also may be frail;
 Grant something to conditions and to times;
 Convert not trifles into dreadful crimes;
 Ask not perfection, which you can't repay,
 Nor heavenly bliss in pilgrimage's way;

Then,

Then, in its place, contentment you'll receive,
And find no sorry representative.

But, oh! let caution most your hearts defend,
Who most to love's, or friendship's, influence bend,
Left, yielding to the generous glow, you take
Into your fostering breasts th' envenom'd snake,
Which, treacherously fair, at last may dart
Its deadly sting, and pierce you to the heart.

For when Heav'n, gracious e'en in wrath, design'd
Love, friendship, hope, to sooth our guilty kind,
Th' arch-fiend, a certain foe to mortals still,
Contriv'd to change these comforters to ill,
While he some imp array'd in their disguise,
Deceiving with false shew unwary eyes.
Hence men complain that friendship oft betrays,
And love misleads them in his thorny maze,
And hope consoles but to afflict the more,
And sharpens woes she said would soon be o'er.

But why these plaints? why this eternal moan
Of love and friendship, when the fault's our own?

Friendship's

Friendship's still faithful, love is ever kind,
And hope th' unfading solace of the mind.

But if you hope what you can never gain,
Declare not hope th' eternal source of pain;
Accuse her not as guilty of a lie,
If you mistake, and call her certainty.

Friendship's no plant that grows in every spot,
But claims a fertile and well-cultur'd plot.
'Tis sown by goodness, prudence bids it shoot,
Firm constancy advances to its fruit.
Tender at first, it asks a kindly ray
And genial show'rs to bring it into day.
It springs, it buds, it blooms by slow degrees,
And dreads the influence of the chilling breeze.
But when its growth's confirm'd, its springing past,
It bids defiance to the fellest blast,
Spreads wide its branches rich with choicest store,
Such as the trees of blissful Eden bore,
And proves, the raiser's profit to compleat,
From storms a shelter, and a shade from heat.

M

Just

Just the reverse, the bastard plant is seen
 Quickly to spring, and take the liveliest green ;
 But, wanting depth of root, as soon decays,
 Parch'd by prosperity's excessive blaze ;
 Or nipt by cold misfortune's chilling pow'r,
 It strews its leaves, and owns the deathful hour ;
 Nor proves, each hope with disappointment paid,
 From storms a shelter, or from heat a shade.
 If, then, you plant the bastard for the true,
 Cease to expect its fruits will be your due ;
 Nor rail at friendship's undeserved lot,
 For 'tis not *friendship* but its *name* you've got ;
 A name which interest oft assumes, to join
 The basest bosoms in one base design ;
 Or pleasure thinks she freely may afford
 Th' associates of the brothel or the board.
 But by such ties was friendship never bound,
 Nor in such hearts her habitation found.
 With virtue hand in hand she ever goes,
 And common friends confesses common foes.

Virtue

Virtue alone can in firm bonds unite,
 Her's is the union, her's the whole delight.

O love ! the sweetest gift heav'n e'er bestow'd
 To chear man's dreary passage on the road
 Of life — When steep and rugged is his way,
 When doubts perplex, and errors lead astray,
 When lowering clouds the fullen sky o'erspread,
 And roaring tempests roll above his head,
 One smile of thee dispels th' encircling gloom,
 Restores the sunshine, bids the prospect bloom,
 Unfolds th' uncertain path of doubt and pain,
 And turns the rugged steep into a plain !

But, O Cœlestial Power ! when shall we find
 Thy uncorrupted influence on the mind,
 Its views exalting from the sordid mire,
 Turn'd after all that's *fair* and *good* t' aspire,
 In beauty's form fair virtue to explore,
 And, having found, eternally adore ?

Tell me, fond youth, seiz'd by the amorous charm,
 Why dost thou doat upon that lovely form,

Why does each glance those radiant eye-balls dart,
 Each word those all-persuading lips impart,
 Run to thy heart, and, fill'd with pleasing pain,
 Bind it in powerful beauty's magic chain?
 Why, but because you deem an angel mind
 Is with that face, that voice, that air, combin'd.
 But should a fiend possess that heavenly frame,
 Would still your bosom feed the amorous flame?

Say, tender maid, why you in secret pine,
 In secret with the handsome youth were thine?
 Why, but because those features you admire,
 That manly form, that sets your breast on fire,
 Imply a soul which courage, truth, and sense
 Adorn, attendant on benevolence.
 But should the fool, the coward, or the base,
 Step forth to view, and stare you in the face,
 Would you in secret sigh, in secret pine,
 And wish the dastard, beauteous youth, were thine?

But ah! how few can look behind the veil,
 See when the signs are true, and when they fail,

Or

Or know when sacred love should warm the soul,
Or when retire from Circe's fatal bowl.

With some 'tis fancy, and with others lust,
With others fondness of Peruvian dust.
When fancy flags, or appetite is cloy'd,
Love spreads his wing, and leaves a yawning void,
Which spite, disgust, or jealousy, invade,
To prove no folly can be long unpaid.
The Generous Pow'r alone desires th' embrace
Of virtue shining in each milder grace;
This object found, he ne'er can cease t' adore,
And with her join to bless thee more and more.

For you, who, seeking splendor, wealth, or fame,
Employ'd the nets of love to catch the game,
But, pleasure's phantom 'midst possession flown,
Beneath the scourge of disappointment groan,
Cease to insult our ears with grating strains
Of hope's delusions, or affection's pains —

Th' extensive champaign owns you for its lord,
And yields its waving store t' increase your hoard;

The splendid dome unfolds its spacious halls,
 And feeds your vanity with damask'd walls ;
 The giddy croud of fashion round you reels,
 The shaken pavement rattles with your wheels ;
 Your flambeaux spreads through lengthening streets its
 glare,
 The livrey'd lacquey waits behind your chair ;
 Luxurious banquets you provoke to dine ;
 The golden cup receives your luscious wine.
 You wish not to be happy, but be great,
 Wish'd not affection, but a large estate :
 Enjoy the pleasures that estate bestows,
 But also learn to bear its various woes !

Yet most we grieve because we do not view
 Life's shifting objects with discernment due,
 Nor join the parts of the progressive plan,
 Nor vice and virtue rightly learn to scan,
 Nor know what *this* should crown, and *that* chastise,
 Nor trace the earth's connection with the skies.

Still ignorant, aspiring still to know
 More than Heav'n granted to our lot below,

We

We will not wait until th' event unfold
 The course th' all-ruling Mind decrees to hold.
 But, when the progress scarcely is begun,
 With eye impatient to the issue run.
 Thus when the boy the tender tale devours,
 While sympathy leads captive all his powers,
 Fir'd with impatience all the plot t' explore,
 He skips the intervening pages o'er,
 Panting to see the *end* repair each wrong,
 And join in probity's triumphant song;
 So we to Heav'n's direction will not trust;
 If all its plan's not shewn, it is unjust.

But would you wreath round virtue's brows the bays,
 Before she has evinc'd the claim she lays?
 Those pangs you murmur that she should endure,
 Are just requir'd, perhaps, to make it sure,
 And, while you'd free her from the painful task,
 You might allow her so much less to ask.
 Spurning the prize she must receive on trust,
 She deems praise fatigue, if it is not just.

Or would you punish vice before the time
 Th' impartial trial had evinc'd her crime ?
 That exaltation, which enflames your rage,
 Perhaps is wanting to complete the page
 Of legal proof, which makes conviction clear,
 And justifies the sentence she must hear.
 Allurements, terrors, sufferings, delight,
 The prosperous sunshine, the afflicted night,
 Are but the different scenery of the stage,
 On which the actors, in their turns, engage,
 Perform their parts of virtue or of vice,
 Evince their merits, and decide their price.
 Still, if Apicius' state so much allures —
 Go to his place, and let him come to yours, —
 You will not ! — nor would be of worlds possess'd,
 To share the pangs that rack the villain's breast !
 But why, then, storm at his exalted lot,
 Yet own the tenfold tortures he has got ?

As for that list of *ills*, which find their cause
 In nature's settled course, and general laws ;

Think

Think that these *ills* you never can exclude,
 Without relinquishing a greater good,
 Whether from matter's properties they rise,
 Or from th' abuse of mind's unfetter'd choice.
 All that is made, whatever its degree,
 Must limited, and, thus, imperfect be;
Defect and *ill* must somewhere, then, be found,
 And Pow'r Omnipotent here owns its bound.
 Thus the whole question is, say what you can,
 Has the Creator chose the wisest plan?
 Which, to decide, your eye must learn to roll
 O'er every part and bearing of the *whole*:
 If not, infer the whole from blemish free,
 From good propellent in the part you see.

Remember, too, how many a placid day
 Has flow'd, with unobstructed course, away;
 How many a night of undisturb'd repose,
 When you lay down in peace, in safety rose;
 When health pour'd through your veins her swelling
 stream,
 And lighted in your eye her brightest gleam;

When

When plenty on your board her viands plac'd,
 While sweet society enhanc'd the taste;
 But with these joys, by use, familiaris'd,
 The more their values rose, the less you priz'd.

Nor is dame fortune fickle, though she be
 Quite so capricious as she seems to thee.
 She neither casts with random hand, nor shifts,
 But has some rules to distribute her gifts.
 Were men or virtuous or vicious quite,
 So much confusion would not strike our sight.
 But good and bad by turns possess the breast;
 Hence men alternately are pain'd and blest;
 And happiness or woe inclines the scales,
 As *this* or *that*, upon the whole, prevails.

The knave's industrious—cultivates his ground;
 He justly sees his barn with grain abound.
 Or studies men, their ruling passion hits,
 And takes the colours of its varying fits;
 Hence he acquires the mighty man's good grace,
 And this, at last, ensures a fatt'ning place.

The good man's indolent — enjoys his ease,
 While his affairs pursue what course they please.
 His servants pilfer, or his children spend,
 Till poverty arrest him in the end:
 But mild compassion will assuage his grief,
 Or liberality afford relief.

The villain's execrated 'midst his wealth;
 And if his knavery advance to stealth,
 While he is doom'd to stretch the fatal string,
 May own dishonesty a wretched thing.

Yet slander's tongue, or persecution's hand,
 May stamp on virtue ignominy's brand,
 Give to a life of innocence the lie,
 And bid the *faithful* as a *traitor* die.

Thus earthquakes, inundations, robbers, foil,
 At once, whole years of unremitting toil.
 Yet industry is still esteem'd the way
 To reap provision for a future day.

But, tell me, have you rightly understood
 Who are the profligate, and who the good?

Your

Your party, sect, or friends are, sure, the few,
To whom the title of the *just* is due.

But ere you crown them with that sacred name,
Be sure the world's Director thinks the same.

He may a blemish deem what you a grace :

He sees the *heart*, you only see the *face*.

Are there not some of such a flagrant mark,
They glare like wasting lightning in the dark ?
Wretches, who, born the scourge of human kind,
Are stamp'd with each deformity of mind.
Earth seems to groan beneath their heavy path ;
Insulted nature calls aloud for wrath,
Shall not, then, Heav'n lay bare the red right hand,
And sweep them, like a torrent, from the land,
That mortals, who the avenging scene survey,
May own God's justice, and proclaim his sway ?

They too are useful — they are oft the rod
Employed to scourge a downward age by God,
When they have serv'd the purposes in view,
Your wish is granted, and they perish too !

Oft

Oft is the mind bewilder'd 'midst the night ¹⁴
 Of doubt and trouble which involve its fight,
 And tempted to ascribe to fate or chance,
 Life's quick rotation, and promiscuous dance.
 For when we view the splendid orbs on high
 Pursue their course along the argent sky,
 The deep observe its everlasting bound,
 Each changing season run its stated round ;
 We own a sapient, over-ruling Cause,
 Who founded nature, and maintains her laws,
 Who holds each rolling planet in its sphere,
 Who marks the seasons of the changing year,
 Who bids the sun diffuse his native light,
 That lends its lustre to the queen of night,
 Who pour'd the main, and set its destin'd place,
 And hung the balanc'd earth in empty space.

But when we find such dismal darkness hide
 Of human fortune the precarious tide,

¹⁴ See Claudian in Ruffin. L. I.

The pious groan ; the profligate, elate,
 Bask in the sunshine of propitious fate ;
 Religion totters, faith herself grows blind,
 Perplexing doubts again unhinge the mind.

We ask if justice holds a partial scale,
 Or Providence's sway can ever fail ?

But 'midst these mists of doubt, distrust, and fear,
 See the clouds scatter'd, and the welkin clear,
 Sejanus, Herod, Wolsey, such as they,
 Absolve Heav'n's justice, and assert its sway,
 We cease to grieve that vice so high should soar,
 When that precipitates her fall the more.

Oft, with indignant jealousy, we see
 The wicked flourish like a spreading tree ;
 To central earth his cleaving roots extend,
 While his audacious boughs the skies ascend ;
 At even we saw him ; and at morn, in vain,
 We cast our wondering eyes along the plain :
 He's gone ! the vollied lightning's flaming stroke
 Made leaf and branch and trunk expire in smoke.

And

And e'en though public vengeance should repose,
 Conscience herself will scourge the crimes she knows.
 Can racks or wheels such direful tortures bring,
 As those which still the guilty bosom wring?

Nor wholly yield thy soul to satire's tide,
 But learn to view thy nature's lovely side.
 Though vice be rank in these polluted days,
 Yet virtue lives, and claims thy warmest praise.

We oft of virtue's cruel lot complain,
 While rank and riches spurn her with disdain,
 Condemn'd to pine in some retreat obscure,
 Or court their favour, and her name abjure.
 Complaint too strong! let genuine worth appear,
 She triumphs still—Aristus made it clear.
 Firm without rigour, without weakness kind,
 He knew that equal balance of the mind
 Which bids consistence in each action shine,
 And makes the course of life one even line.
 Unaw'd by pow'r, by promises unbrib'd,
 He trod the path which reason's voice prescrib'd,

Where

Where virtue led the way, and honour fir'd,
 While firm religion constancy inspir'd,
 His lips declar'd, without the mask of art,
 The truth which fix'd her seal upon his heart.
 He spurn'd the knave whom titled lustre stains,
 Rever'd integrity in rags or chains,
 In misery a *claim* to succour saw,
 Felt pity's obligation strong as law,
 And while he valu'd *mind*, and *mind alone*,
 Maintain'd the majesty of virtue's throne.
 In him due honour was to worth restor'd,
 The great esteem'd him, and the poor ador'd!
 Hence, though thy corse now moulders in the tomb,
 Long shall thy name in grateful memory bloom.

Nor shall thy praise, Philanthropus! if ought
 Avail my song's memorial, be forgot.
 Well mightst thou such a muse's tribute claim,
 As his who gave the man of Ross to fame.
 But mine, alas! can plead but good design,
 And seeks protection from a name like thine.

Thy

Thy sweetest joy is to diffuse it round,
 Wide as thy influence extends its bound.
 Possess'd of all the Æsculapian lore,
 Health follows thee, and sickness flies before.
 The just return which opulence has made,
 Thou changest into indigence's aid,
 And think'st that only gold begins to shine
 When offer'd at benevolence's shrine!
 Behold the croud, each morn, surround his door,
 To tell their gratitude, or aid implore,
 And pray that Heav'n may bless, and long defend,
 The life, on which a thousand lives depend.
 If sickness stretch him on th' uneasy bed,
 A thousand hearts are fill'd with grief and dread;
 The orphan fears again his parent lost,
 Her spouse the widow, the forlorn his trust.
 When health retriev'd restores him to their eyes,
 Their grateful shouts are echo'd to the skies.
 Ye sons of pow'r, who flash the gaudy blaze,
 And swell with pride to fix the vulgar gaze,

N

Whom

Whom courtiers, guards, or parasites furrround,
 Delight with shew, or captivate with sound,
 Declare, compar'd with this, how mean the pride
 Which grandeur gives, but reason tells to hide.

Refresh your eyes too with the friend of man,
 Whose godlike soul conceives th' unequal'd plan,
 Each haunt of guilt and misery to explore,
 Bid comfort live where horror reign'd before,
 Religion o'er obdurate guilt prevail,
 Peace and compassion dwell within a jail,
 Sooth'd punishment with public safety pair,
 And e'en from condemnation drive despair.
 Nor to his country is his case confin'd,
 His wide embrace enfolds the human kind.
 From shore to shore, from clime to clime he runs,
 Each misery searches, and no danger shuns.
 Nought has he yet accomplish'd, nought endur'd,
 While there remains a woe he has not cur'd,
 And if it gives to shed one blessing more,
 'Tis then he values all he did before.

But

But what the aim of such unwearied pains,
 As mock what fable of Alcides feigns?
 Is it that senates may their homage pay?
 Or poets with his name adorn their lay?
 That he may see a nation proud to own
 His birth, or stand in monumental stone?
 No; to that breast such motives can't apply,
 Whose only passion is humanity—
 And while his Saviour's footsteps thus are trod,
Howard, the friend of man's the friend of God.

See blooming merit in high station reign,
 A sphere adorning it can seldom gain.
 See him whose fire her former splendor gave,
 Advance to snatch his country from the grave.
 Pursue, O Pitt, the happy course begun,
 Nor let the fire be greater than the son.
 Reflect, no pow'r can last, no pow'r can shine,
 If patriot ardour prompt not each design.
 Without it, glory's but the thunder's found;
 Without it, talents but the means to wound;

Without it, office but the menial's place,
And dignity illustrious disgrace.

On it then soar to everlasting fame,
That children yet unborn may bless thy name.

Uncommon praise ! see every Christian grace
Rejoice to find upon the throne a place,
There prize pre-eminence, but as it lends
A sanction to the merit it commends ;
Prize rule but as the instrument of good,
Of worth protected or of vice subdu'd ;
Homage by virtue more than empire draw ;
Pity the pow'r that rises above law ;
And spurn the diadem's refulgent blaze,
If justice lose her glory in its rays !
Oh happy Britons ! to whom Heav'n imparts
A monarch form'd to reign o'er British hearts,
Unworthy such a pledge unless you prove
The purest flame of loyalty and love.
Yes, you a loyal people's heart declar'd,
That fully felt the blessings which it shar'd ;

One direful groan re-echoed through the land
 When fame proclaim'd affassination's hand ;
 Keen shouts of joy succeeded to the woe,
 When truth assur'd the Heav'n-averted blow.

Now ye whose souls man's partial lot deplore,
 These scenes contemplate, and lament no more.
 And if from love and friendship you endure,
 From love and friendship also seek your cure,
 The love of all that's great, and good, and wise,
 The love of Him who rules the earth and skies,
 The love of Him, whose love no bounds admits,
 No expiration, no capricious fits,
 But, constant as himself, shall ne'er decay,
 Though nature totter, and should pass away,
 The love of those who love him, and explore,
 And imitate the goodness they adore,
 Such love, such friendship still is all your own,
 Such are your friends, although to you unknown.
 With you they shed the tear, with you they bleed,
 With you they spurn the ignominious deed ;

With

With you they wait, unaw'd by fortune's frowns,
 The day which innocence absolves and crowns.
 Hence, should some inequalities remain
 Still uncorrected by the moral strain,
 Direct your eyes to that tremendous day
 When God his brightest justice shall display,
 Bid virtue flourish in unfading bloom,
 And vice consign to everlasting doom.

Thus, here, all's mix'd ; yet such confusion reigns,
 As leads to order on th' ethereal plains.
 Each has his line, and pushes to its end,
 Yet all to general good together tend,
 Thus in the crouded 'Change, where hundreds go,
 And come, and jostle with successive flow,
 Conflicting torrents imag'd in the sound,
 Discordant chaos seems to reign around ;
 Yet secret order still pervades the whole,
 While each is running to his private goal.
 Exchange of mutual interest combines
 In public benefit their branching lines.

Commerce

Commerce goes round and balances her scales,

And destines to the winds a thousand sails.

Cease then to blame these fleeting scenes below,

And with each noble, tender passion glow.

THE END.



E R R A T A.

Argument of Part I.— Line 3 from the bottom—for *auspicious* to read *conspicuous* in.

Page Line

12 3, for *rhapsody* read *melody*.

15 12 from the top—for *her* read *his*; line 13, for *Until*, read *And tell*.

17 13 from the top—for *she* read *he*.

18 ult. for *Juva* read *Jura*.

35 7, for *remains* read *remain*.

40 5, after *spreads* put a full point—read *Subsistence*.

44 3 from the bottom—for *intreaty* read *petition*.

54 7 and 8, read

Can your rich plains from foreign rage secure,
Or furnish woes enough for you t'endure.

56 7, for *Britain* read *Britons*.

Argument of Part III.— For *Viriso* read *Viniso*, for *Torvas* read *Torvus*, dele *Benevolus*.

66 1, for *soon* read *He*,

75 1, for *all* read *his*.

80 6 from the bottom—for *butchers* read *lechers*.

81 6 from the bottom—for *Torvas* read *Torvus*.

83 11, for *offend* read *offends*.

88 8 from the bottom—for *fanning* read *fawning*.

91 1, for *affliction* read *affection*.

94 2 from the bottom—for *near* read *Hear*.

96 9 from the bottom—for *lovely* read *lonely*.

Ibid 5 from the bottom—for *Dressed* read *Expos'd*.

106 3, for *Indias* read *Indus*.

107 2 from the bottom—for *wond'rous* read *murd'rous*.

108 10 from the bottom—for *works* read *perks*.

110 for *feeblest* read *fellest*.

122 3, read *string*.

Argument of Part V.— for *miserable* read *insensible*.

128 2, for *solid* read *sordid*.

132 10, for *insuagent* read *insurgent*.

134 8, for *bound* read *bounds*; line 5 from the bottom—for *aid* read *did*.

140 7, for *nurse* read *muse*.

Argument of Part VI., near the end—for *cannot* read *can*

154 6, for *an hour* read *the hour*.

157 3 from the bottom—for *i'tb'* read *at*.

159 10. Insert at the beginning of the line. *And*.

169 7 from the bottom—for *propollent* read *prevailing*.

AT A 11 11



